COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. LVI.-No. 1458.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13th, 1924.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.



Hay Wrightson.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

30, New Bond Street, W.1.

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COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

Telegrams: "Country Life," London; Tele. No.: Gerrard 2748.

Advertisements: 6-11, Southampton Street, W.C.2.; Tele. No.: Regent 760.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return, if unsuitable.

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Uniformity in Bacon

HERE is probably a very large proportion of newspaper readers who do not quite gather the significance of the number of meetings held for the purpose of protesting against the superfluity of breeds of pigs in this country. The general reader may be forgiven if he asks, "Why interfere with a man's fancy. Why not let him keep as many breeds of pigs as he cares to find room for?" With this brief meditation he passes on to something that interests him more. Yet, the question has a considerable amount of importance for the ordinary householder, especially if he happens, as well may be the case, to think in terms of bacon rather than of pigs. The objection then of those who are agitating about the numerous varieties of pigs being kept in this country is that it is an obstacle to securing a greater uniformity in the quality of bacon. Thirty years ago there was an agitation about milk and butter. It was not heeded at the time. Someone wittily called uniformity "a grocer's shibboleth," and the phrase knocked the stuffing out of the protest. The lesson phrase knocked the stuffing out of the protest. The lesson that failed to catch hold is being resuscitated to-day with increased force.

No doubt, the finest butter is highly appreciated by those who have a discriminating taste in food and who, as a rule, do not mind paying a little more if they can secure the quality wanted. The great bulk of buyers, however, are not fastidious. Being English, they like their food of good quality, but are not particular in regard to shades of flavour. After getting butter that suits them, their next demand is that the grocer who sells it should be able to supply the same kind of butter every day. It saves the housewife both money and trouble when she can send a messenger to a shop and buy an article that she knows will be exactly the same as that which she had before and at exactly the same price. Uniformity is a great advantage to her. To anyone who argues in favour of a local taste the answer is that if it prevails in the district it must be considered. In some parts of the North they like the butter whit in the South a golden yellow is preferred, and the country which exports most butter to Great Britain is quite aware of these differences in taste, and makes the colour unifo m for the district. Had the warning in regard to butter be a attended to, there would have arisen a class of thriving and prosperous dairy farmers in this country who would have gone far to make us independent of imported dairy produce.

The case of bacon is more important. Rich varieties of it, we mean rich in numbers, are to be found in any sh p where it is sold, and the messenger who is despatched to buy bacon, is pretty certain, without looking at it, to bring back the wrong article unless he is explicitly told to get bacon of a certain brand. Pig-feeders abroad have acted in regard to the pig now as they did in regard to the cow before—discovered the methods by which this quality of uniformity can be secured. They fix upon a type of pig that suits their purpose. They have at the same time ex-They fix upon a type of pig plored every nook and cranny of the food problem, and know to a nicety how to produce bacon which can be sold at a profit and give universal satisfaction. One pound of Danish bacon, for example, is exactly like another pound, provided that it be from the same limb or same part of the body of the pig. That is why uniformity is so much desired body of the pig. That is why uniformity is so much desired on the part of these who wish to see the consumption of home-grown products supplant that of imported products. In the case of bacon, however, it would be hopeless to attempt to accomplish this aim as long as the market is served by pigs varying in outward appearance, in the quality of the meat they yield and in many other directions. To some extent bacon factories are reducing this practice. The manager, as a rule, knows the supreme importance of giving his customers the same satisfactory quality every time he is asked. Therefore, in many cases he lays down the rule that he will only buy pigs of such and such a breed. In the next place, he wants the fattening to be done so that at a given period, six or eight months, as the case may be, the animals reach, approximately at least, the weight which he considers the most desirable. When he is well supplied with animals of the same breed, the same age and the same weight, then, and not till then is he in a position to cure the bacon and sell it of unvarying quality and at a price which does not wobble, unless for one of the many reasons which are known and discussed.

The remedy can only be found and applied by there of the pigs. It is a matter of organisation. owners of the pigs. It is a matter of organisation. The first step should be to select a committee who can be trusted to choose the breeds most suitable to the needs of the bac No doubt, those who are very keen on the loc pig will object at first; but if they are out not to follow their own fancies, but to ensure commercial success fitheir ventures, they will yield to the general wish. (course, if a man fancies himself as an amateur pig breed and is devoted to some fad of his own, he is quite at liber to stand outside, but he cannot hope to force his anim upon the bacon factory at which the manager is very muc alive to the advantages of uniformity.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a new portrait of H.R.H. the Duchess of York, who, with the Duke, is visiting Earl

^{****} It is particularly requested that no permission to photographouses, gardens and livestock on behalf of Country Life be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.

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I the fascinating story told by the Archæology Officer of the Ordnance Survey to the Society of Antiquaries, the sicturesque phrase was applied by the lecturer to the Downs, "They are a palimpsest on which the experts to ld read history." Used from an aeroplane, the camera is ble to take note of signs and tokens not to be observed from the ground. Mr. Crawford gave as a simple but to exemine example of the power of which he had obtained to mand, a case in which he and the pilot had both noticed a square of dark green in a field of oats. On visiting the place a few hours later, they found proof that it had been in Roman occupation by the discovery of a Roman bangle and many potsherds. Among the slides, one of the most interesting was that showing the early Iron Age fortified village on Hambledon Hill, Dorset, where the air photographs revealed also two different types of pit dwelling—oblong and rectangular.

AT its neighbour, Hod Hill, the most important find was a Roman camp in a corner of the prehistoric earthwork. It would appear that the written and handed-down knowledge we have of this scene of many battles, Hambledon Hill and Hod Hill, is as yet but a fraction of history, although it comprises battles of Romans, Saxons, Danes, not to speak of later conflicts. On a former occasion we commented on the discovery due to the aeroplane and the camera that the Romano-Celtic agricultural system differed essentially from that introduced by the Saxons. After the Romano-British civilisation was destroyed, there seems to have been a complete sweep of inhabitants on the high ground, and the villages were destroyed or abandoned. In Kent and in some of the few upland villages of Wessex, it is possible that there has been continuity of occupation.

A SCIENTIFIC correspondent, who a few days ago contributed to the *Manchester Guardian* an article on parasite war on insect pests, shows that the fruit growers of New Zealand are a little more enterprising than those at home. Other countries have for a number of years been infested by that bane of orchards, the woolly aphis, and spraying is a very costly affair when compared with the profits. They, therefore, applied to Dr. Tillyard of the Cawthron Institute at Nelson enquiring whether he could not introduce some little parasite which would "do." for the woolly aphis. In reply to this request, the man of science procured from America a chalcid wasp, which has now gained a footing in South Africa and Australia. France, too, has imported it, and at the Rothamsted Experimental Station they are trying to discover whether the linute creature can live in the English climate. We hope that it will, as it has proved effective elsewhere. Another eature of which most of us have had suspicions has turned at a downright pest in the South Island of New Zealand,

to which it was introduced from Europe. This is the earwig. It does not seem to have any natural enemies, and so Dr. Tillyard sent to the Imperial Bureau of Entomology in London. The task of finding out was delegated to the experts at Rothamsted, who discovered a most obliging little fly that lays its eggs on anything upon which the earwigs have recently been feeding. The eggs, being microscopically small, are swallowed by the earwigs when they come back for their food. Within a few hours the larva hatches out from the egg and, after completing its growth inside, gnaws its way out.

IN England a victory of science not unworthy of being placed side by side with those mentioned has been achieved. In this case operations were directed against the death-watch beetle. Professor Lefroy, in his contribution to our Christmas Number, fixed his hope on oak trees being found full of the beetles that eat the death-watch. At Peterborough Cathedral a different idea was adopted. Mr. Moore, the architect, tried the effect of a powerful electric vacuum machine with special nozzles, by which the insects and their deposits could be attacked in places not to be reached by other means. This method proved successful when applied to the north and south roofs of the cathedral, and Mr. Leslie Moore is now preparing to deal with the roof of the choir in the same way.

AT the dinner of the Fishmongers' Company Lord Balfour discussed games with all the brilliance which distinguished his oratory in his best days. His light shafts could not fail to please the intelligent spectator of games, but one has a suspicion that those amateurs or professionals who are, or fain would be, champions at any game would not be enamoured of the doctrine that great matches are played only for the pleasure of the combat. A great player of his day, one who was a master of many games, used to say that the habit most worth cultivating is that of winning. If men were angels, it might not be so, but, being only human, victory gives them at least as much happiness as any display of skill. No doubt there is force in the contention that every true player must be one who loves his game as the swain his mistress-for But as the object of play is to defeat one's opponent, it is but natural that it should count for a good deal in the mind of such a fighting animal as man. true as this is, it does not militate against Lord Balfour's contention that the true spirit of play will always lead to a recognition of an opponent's skill.

A CHILD DANCING.

Wings .

And a tune that sings

Like the tinkling, twinkling singing of birds and the jangling jingle of rings.

When I dance I seem to fly.

High I go, high, high, high,

And the tune goes tip-toeing up, up, up to the starry notes in the sky.

Then slow, slow, slow,

Like solemn old men in a row;

Right foot, left foot, steady and straight,

Saying no . . . yes . . . No!

K. C. G.

EVERYBODY is hoping that the Farmers' Union will, even at the last hour, take a more reasonable view of the conference than has found expression in the letters of Mr. Ryland, who speaks for the Executive Council. The invitation, as has been explained more than once by the Minister of Agriculture, was that all concerned in the great industry of agriculture should send representatives to a conference in order to formulate a policy, upon which they had agreed. Mr. Ryland's letters, however, make it a condition that before the N.F.U. consent to send representatives to the conference, an assurance shall be given that either a subsidy or protection will be granted to the farmers. This surely is unreasonable. Indeed, it is impossible. When Mr. Baldwin made that question the testing point of a

General Election, he was defeated. In his speech at the luncheon on Tuesday, Sir Walter Gilbey, a long-tried and faithful friend of farmers, offered his advice. It is usually very difficult to induce the representatives of any body of men to retrace their steps when they have made a mistake, but in this case it seems absolutely imperative that this should be done. As Sir Walter said, "If, at this conference, the Farmers' Union is not represented, it must be abortive and useless and do harm to agriculture."

SEVERAL correspondents have written in connection with the article on the Lombardy poplar, which appeared in last week's number, to point out that the district called Poplar owes its name to the tree. One says that Gover explains the name as meaning "at the poplar tree." This explanation appears to be satisfactory and is supported by the early forms cited in the "Placenames of Middlesex," in which it is mentioned as occurring in 1340, 1351 and 1405 as meaning "at the poplar tree," used in the same way as eyke (oak), ash, thorne and wellow in various counties. In 1398 the spelling follows the French popellier, which, in 1569, became "popler." The best evidence is given by Dr. Josiah Woodward. In "Strype," he says: "Popler or Poplar is so called from a multitude of Poplar Trees (which love a moist soil) growing there in former times. And there be yet (1720) remaining, in the part of the hamlet which bordereth on Limehouse, many old bodies of large Poplars, standing, as testimonials of the truth of that etymology." This is both interesting and conclusive.

THE match at Brisbane between the M.C.C. team and an Australian eleven gave satisfactory evidence that our men can fight with their backs to the wall. To go in against a score of over 500, lose half their wickets very cheaply and then make 421 was a considerable achievement. Hendren and Chapman made a fine stand, and the latter by his continued success must have made sure his place in the Test Match team, especially as he is very nearly essential for his fielding. On the other hand, our enemies' score of 526, even on an Australian wicket, produces an uneasy feeling. Tate was not playing, and whenever he takes a well earned rest our men seem doomed to a long period of leather hunting. This state of things was foreshadowed in this summer's Test matches against the South Africans. Then Tate always got wickets, Gilligan often did, and the other bowlers hardly ever did. The Sussex pair have a heavy responsibility to bear.

THE Rugby match between North and South seems to have fallen a little between two stools. To be at its best, to give the proper thrill, it should be, first, last and altogether, a battle between the two halves of the country with plenty of local patriotism and a spice of venom. Yet it was impossible this time not to think of it primarily as a trial match to help the selectors in choosing England's team against the New Zealanders. Regarded in this light it was almost a failure. None of the University players could take part, and there were several other important absentees, notably Myers, England's stand-off half, Kershaw who may very possibly come back, though he now lacks his illustrious partner Davies, and Brough, one of the most promising candidates for the place of full-back. There were no new reputations made and no old ones enhanced, though they may not have been actually marred. The brilliantly successful English teams of the last year or two have consisted mainly of southern players, and so the task of the selectors might have been made easier if the South had won. However, it was the North that won, and quite deservedly. Meanwhile, the New Zealanders went on their way rejoicing and drew right away from yet another set of adversaries by superior speed and stamina in the second half. Whatever team is chosen to meet them, it must be a team of players who can be warranted to last.

I T is good news that Rotherham Bridge, with its chantry, has been saved. The latter is one of the three surviving in this country actually on bridges, the others being at Wakefield (rebuilt during last century) and Bradford-on-

Avon. Its preservation has been ensured by the decision to build a new bridge near by, as was recently done by the Salisbury Corporation in connection with Harnham Bridge, This is the course that everybody must hope will be adopted at Richmond, Surrey. A deputation recommending that external footways should be added outside the balustrade was received last week by the Minister of Transport, who pointed out the need for preserving such a fine building. is no doubt that an additional bridge, plans for which have been made out, is needed, and would be the most satisfactory solution. A picturesque bridge, now in process of wide ing, is that at Wareham, Dorset, where the stonework of the widened side will be used to face the concrete add ion. As to Waterloo Bridge, the report made by Mr. Dalry aple Hay at the instigation of the S.P.A.B. advocating the u derpinning of the piers has been handed over by the County Council to the Institute of Civil Engineers for a final decision as to its practicability. Rennie's superb s ructure and a vast sum of ratepayers' money are thus in heir hands. If both can be saved they will have earned the gratitude of many millions of men and women.

FOUNDER'S DAY AT OLD CHARTERHOUSE

(On December 12th is celebrated, at the old Charter House in London, the foundation of the school in 1611 by Thomas Sutton.)

Eloquent foundation stone, Strongly yours resounds the tone Of the bell, whose final word, Sweet in death, old Newcome heard.

Far from here the School to-day Fashions, in her telling way, Still more masters of the pen, Still more strong and fearless men.

Yet the unforgotten place Stands to guide the coming race, Who, not heedless down the age, Come to-day in pilgrimage.

Merry pilgrims, these, who still, Laughing, from their Surrey hill Walk, in manner unconcerned, Through the halls where Lovelace learned.

When the Friars bade farewell, Once again they tolled the bell. Bowed their heads in prayer, and then Parted with a last "Amen."

Thomas Sutton—wise old man—Pondered, and his ruling ran:
Ministers of book and rod
Do not lead away from God.

Addison and Steele and more Men of fame undying bore From the training ground of Youth, Proof that Sutton spoke the truth.

G. D. MARTINEAU

MANY of our readers will regret to hear that Mr. Villis Bund, an old friend and contributor to COUNTRY IFE, has been obliged by advancing age and defective memory to tender his resignation as Chairman of the Worcester nire County Council. He was elected to the council in 189, and has been Chairman for thirty-two years. We hope hat the persuasions of Lord Coventry, Colonel Wheeler and other friends will succeed in inducing him to keep Mr. Willis Bund belongs to the older type of English coa gentleman. Usually serious, he, nevertheless, is a hum whose mind is stored with tales and anecdotes of the He cares little for the changes that take place in fast on, in witness of which reference may be made to the that only he and Sir James Crichton-Browne still re in the Dundreary whiskers of the Victorian era. It may som to be a peculiarity almost too trifling to record, but i very characteristic of the man. It gives him a look of decorum that almost amounts to solemnity, and never dies he look more solemn than when he is just approaching he point of one of his best stories. He never makes he mistake of being the first to laugh at his own jest.

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EVERYBODY, not only the guarantors, must be glad that Wembley is definitely to be re-opened next year. Apparently, the Dominions, who at first were doubtful whether they would be able to afford another year, have been won over, for New Zealand is the only one of the principal Dominions as to whose participation there is any doubt. India is still uncertain, but even if official exhibition was discontinued, the courts could, no doubt, be filled by private

exhibitors. The total cost of the exhibition as a whole amounted to \pounds_3 ,800,000, of which \pounds_2 ,000,000 was recovered. This year the initial costs will be infinitely less, and there can be little doubt that the remaining \pounds_1 ,800,000 will be obtained. Although the first glamour will have worn off, the habit of going to Wembley has been formed and the range of its pleasures been sampled, but in very few cases exhausted.

LONDON STREETS AND THEIR RECENT BUILDINGS.—X

THE CITY.-I

BY PROFESSOR C. H. REILLY.

HE City is unconvincing. If one did not know its status in the world's finance, one would not gather it from its exterior. As one walks along its streets, even in the quiet of a Sabbath morning, there is little to suggest its solid worth. It has no really noble group of outstanding buildings. It has, of course, St. Paul's and the City churches and coasional and delightful patches of green trees. All these give i charm and interest, but they all belong to the time when it was a residential neighbourhood. The City, as we conceive it toda is, in the first place, the world's money market. All the rest, thesi ps and the smaller offices, are dependent on this fact. They are not rely there to serve the servants of those who rule the mark is. Yet the money market itself is not expressed in any power ul or dominating way. Wall Street and the lower end of Broadway, strange and romantic as they are, cannot fail to impress the beholder with the power of the almighty dollar. In comparison, the pound sterling is either a shy old maid in the quiet retiring walls of the Bank of England or a pushing hussy in the new palatial blocks in King William Street. There is not the solid mass of substantial serious building which bank after bank, insurance office after insurance office

might be expected to bring about. Some of these structures even suggest frenzied finance above a not too stable ground floor. Yet the City has been rebuilt in recent years to a larger extent than Westminster, Mayfair, or any other central portion of the town. It has been rebuilt of course with higher buildings. Many now reach the maximum allowed of 80 feet on the frontage line. The buildings, too, are in larger blocks for the more economical development of their valuable sites. All this should have given the architect wider freedom of composition, greater facility in producing impressive piles. Why has he failed on the whole, as undoubtedly he has? In the smaller fronts he has not improved on, say, the few narrow old ones which are still left in Lombard Street, like No. 70, now occupied by the National Metal and Chemical Bank, and that close by, the Bank of Liverpool and Martins. Among the larger blocks, what is there that is better than Professor Cockerell's Westminster Bank in Lothbury or his Sun Fire Office in Threadneedle Street, cleverly added to as it has been, I believe, by a later hand? There is still no banking building in the City which is a stronger or more impressive composition than that of the National Provincial Bank of England in Bishopsgate by John Gibson,



NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND, LOMBARD STREET. John Gibson.

erected somewhere in the seventies of the last century. This latter, with its whole apparent height given to a great banking hall, with no superstructure of little offices in other occupation above, has become the precedent for the vast majority of American banks, where, like Messrs. Morgan's, in Wall Street, in spite of the higher cost of ground, it is felt that the dignity of the institution and its solid financial worth are best expressed in a low building of great scale and massiveness rather than in a high building with the necessarily smaller scale which many semi-domestic storeys bring about.

The explanation of the apparent failure of the mass of new building in the City to express itself in a sufficiently

The explanation of the apparent failure of the mass of new building in the City to express itself in a sufficiently solid and serious way is due, I think, to two causes, one of time and one of place. The one of time is the one which applies equally to all civil building in England during the last thirty years. It is generally stated baldly as the Gothic Revival. But the Gothic Revival produced no City building of note except the charming Venetian one in Lothbury. If it had, with all its fine enthusiasm, it might have produced a city at least with some definite character. One can imagine a city

might have produced a city at least with some definite character. One can imagine a city of Manchester Town Halls and St. Pancras Stations seeming serious and reliable. Misleading prospectuses could hardly issue from such buildings. There would have been no suavity in it, but if the original enthusiasm had kept up, there would have been no glazed terra-cotta shams, no flippant vulgarity. Unfortunately, what the Gothic Revival did was not to provide the City with work of the Gothic enthusiasts, but merely to weaken the enthusiasm and learning that lay behind the classical buildings. It was commonly felt at the time that anyone could be a classical architect. All one had to do was to look up a column or so in a text-book. Having weakened the basis, then, of solid knowledge and taste on which such



INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS, MOORGATE PLACE.

The late John Belcher, R.A.

buildings as the Bank of England rest, the way was clear for the so-called free classic. A compromise was made with the romance of the Gothic, and for thirty years or more we have been suffering from it. Oriel windows, turrets and any other irregular and romantic features were grifted on to buildings which start on the ground floor, at any rate, with some thin attempt at the Orders. It is this flappe—like architecture, immature but with gropings in various di erse directions, that gives the appearance of uncertainty, the want of seriousness, which is really the very reverse o our supposed national outloo on so serious a subject as more experience.

The second reason for the comparative failure of City building during the last quarter of a century—the one of place—is that, for some reason or other, a race of City architects has grown up largely separated from the rest of the profession. These are men of the very highest standards of professional honour, but from the very fact that they work always in the City and have their offices there, their outlook on their art becomes cramped. Knowing the immense value of the property they are dealing with, they think, perhaps, more

seriously of a right of light than the right compositions for their buildings. They are likely to sacrifice broad effects for some small gain in floor space. Yet, when they do let themselves go with their façades, having, perhaps, spent so much of their time over legal points, they cannot bring to their proper work the severely critical and trained mind of the complete architect. Anyhow, the most ebullient buildings in the City seem to be the work of the City architects. There is, for instance, in than arrow lane called Lombard Street, where only concerns of highest financial standing can afford to exist, the luscious over-modelled building of the Royal Insurance Company. Now, obviously, in a very narrow street, a flat façade is what is required, for it



WESTMINSTER BANK, ANGEL COURT.

Mewès and Davis.



WESTMINSTER BANK, THREADNEEDLE STREET.

Mewès and Davis.

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is the only kind that can be properly seen. Not only is the façade of this building of the most ornate and extravagant description, but a great group of coarse and colossal women lean out a considerable distance across the pavement from the pediment over the main entrance. There is no feeling here for delicacy, refinement or restraint—the qualities one hopes of the highest finance. If one did not know the finance. If one did not know the financial standing of the Royal Insurance Company one might, from its habitation, think it some bucket shop concern.

This phase, however, of bulgy, over-decorated, formless building is passing, and it is passing largely because the more serious artists among our architects are beginning to get City buildings given to them. The great banks, which are among the chief builders of to-day, are beginning to realise the value of better we for Certain of them have always in arted what one may, in comparison, can the West End architect, beginning with the Bank of England itself and Scient. Then there were the cases of Cakerell and Gibson already mentioned. It day the same bank which employed Pressor Cockerell—the Westminster B. E.—is employing Mr. Arthur Davis, the architect of the Ritz Hotel and the Ming Post building, and already some of swork has been unveiled in Angel Cott. If anyone is to replace Cockerell, he is the man, for no small piece of more nowner has been so carefully and suessfully studied as this little façade in ingel Court. It is as clear cut, with as beautiful mouldings as beautifully enched, as the work it is to replace, which in these days is the highest praise. Then there is Mr. Austen Hall, who has even taken a City office and is doing any number of great banks with the beautiful mouldings as beautifully enched, as the work in hours, and not, as usual, entirely reserved for the home or the club. Now that we see the building itself, we realise that not only has this occurred, but that a commercial concern, as interested, one may suppose, as any other in paying div



ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL BUILDING. FRONT TO FINSBURY CIRCUS.



THE SAME: FACADE TO MOORGATE.

Sir Edwin L. Lutyens, R.A.

delightful detail, makes the three other great buildings in Finsbury Circus seem rather clumsy structures. The Circus, too, has now become a pleasant little garden at the bottom of a well. Let us be thankful, especially in the City, that the limit of 8oft. to the façade still holds good. If it did not and buildings were raised to the 12oft. suggested and allowed in some provincial cities—Liverpool, for example—many of its streets would never see the sup again.

A good architect, at the beginning of the bad period, whose City work has had more influence for harm among the half-learned than anyone else's, yet whose chief building is one of the very best among the modern buildings, was the late Mr. John Belcher; and the building which played so much havoc with the established forms is the casket-like little structure for the Institute of Chartered Accountants in Moorgate Place. The courts and alleys of the City are, in themselves, one of its charms, and they offer opportunities for unexpected treasures. Sometimes one has a bad disappointment, as in Copthall Court, when, after traversing Angel Alley, one comes across a glazed terra-cotta building suitable to Lewisham. one comes across a glazed terra-cotta building suitable to Lewisham. Sometimes one has a happy surprise, as when one finds behind trees in Austin Friars a charming Late Victorian block of offices, No. 22, by a near relative of my own. But in Moorgate Place, a little court off Moorgate, one comes suddenly on this gem of the late Italian renaissance, as delicately and deliciously conceived as any building of the period I know in Italy. This, the Accountants' Institute, is a rich little building of three storeys, divided by plain bands and friezes, which are themselves broken by playful little winged figures. The top and bottom storeys have orders, the upper one with a frieze of full-size figures filling in

the space between the bases of the columns and below the windows. the space between the bases of the columns and below the windows. This continuous frieze of figures, placed in so odd a position in relation to the columns, became a mannerism copied afterwards into many buildings, such as Lloyds' Registry in Fenchurch Street, and used with anything but Mr. Belcher's sense of delicate adjustment. In the same way the projecting corner oriel soon found its echo on numberless other canted corners. These facts, of course, are no detriment to the building in question, but go to show how dangerous is the habit of the English architect in Living on contemporary buildings instead of returning, as Mr. Belcher himself did, to the Italian sources.

Another building by the same facile hand, and the first of the great blocks of offices to be erected by one company for its own occupation, and when its needs are satisfied to be sublet to others, is Electra House in Moorgate. This building, too, had a great

occupation, and when its flectors are supported in Electra House in Moorgate. This building, too, had a great influence on contemporary design, especially in its faults, such as the wide spacing of the main order. Still, it is a striking, dignified influence on contemporary design, especially in its faults, such as the wide spacing of the main order. Still, it is a striking, dignified structure in a big manner, and is to-day without many equals in the City. Farther out in the same direction, at the far coner of Finsbury Pavement and Finsbury Square, is the big building with a corner turret which he designed for the Royal London M tual Insurance Society. It is an impressive pile and, like his ther buildings of this time, more or less in the later Genoese maner. To realise its quality in comparison with similar work done at the same time, one has only to look at the opposite corner of the square, where a building of the same size and general shape, also with a corner tower, was built by the London and Manchester Assurance Company. These buildings, though, are now all some twenty years old.

WENTWORTH ROUND AT

By BERNARD DARWIN.

FEW days ago I played my first round on a course of which much has been heard for some time past, Went-worth. It seems quite a long while ago that there were worth. It seems quite a long while ago that there were first rumours of a mysterious region somewhere in the neighbourhood of Virginia Water which would make a wonderful golf course. Somebody, we were told, had his eye upon it, and then that somebody seemed to disappear. There was an interval and we heard much more definitely that the thing was really going to happen and that Mr. Colt was laying out one course, two courses, countless courses. Then, as we sped on the road to Sunningdale, we saw notices as to the Wentworth Estate, and the name became familiar. Next came the news that Duncan had migrated there from Hanger Hill. Finally, one of the three courses projected is actually made and

sped on the road to Sunningdale, we saw notices as to the Wentworth Estate, and the name became familiar. Next came the news that Duncan had migrated there from Hanger Hill. Finally, one of the three courses projected is actually made and open for play; and a very good course it is.

Wentworth is, of course, to be not merely a golf club, but also a country club in the American sense, and already there are signs of many lawn tennis courts. I have little skill in that technical language in which old-world gardens and ornamental water play so large a part, but before I come to the course I must say a few words in my own language about the place in general. First of all, it is very pretty and wears an attractive air of seclusion. There are birch trees and fir trees, big dark woods of fir trees which always hold out high golfing promise. There is bracken and some heather, though not a great deal of it, and there is a pretty lake that we see from the house, where the garden slopes down to it. We are close to it also as we play our round, but it is only ornamental, and not useful in the sense that we cannot lose balls in it. The house—I suppose that I should term it the mansion house—becomes the club house. It is something too much in the Victorian and battlemented style for sheer beauty, but it stands on a pleasant site and is big and comfortable and possesses the added attraction for dancing golfers of a ballroom. Not far from it is another house, a cheerful white house of fat, comfortable curves and bulges, which, with its surrounding grounds, was formerly carved out of Wentworth. and now becomes part of it. This is to be the Dormy House. And now I may "cut the cackle," with which I own myself unfamiliar, and come to the golf course.

It is not quite as it will be when it takes final shape. The present first hole is to form part of one of the other courses; so are the ninth and tenth, and three other holes will take their places, but the course as it stands now is good enough to be one more enduring monument to Mr.

a definite image. At Wentworth the course is in a park. So much is certain, but we do not have the feeling—I really cannot express it more precisely—of playing on a park course. Perhaps it is the birches and firs that give us rather the sensation of one of the orthodox, heathery courses, perhaps it is the sandiness, perhaps it is the fine and delicate turf on the greens,

Perhaps it is the birches and firs that give us rather the sensation of one of the orthodox, heathery courses, perhaps it is the sandiness, perhaps it is the fine and delicate turf on the greens, or perhaps it is a mixture of all these ingredients. At any rate, there the sensation is, strong and definite.

I said there was sand. So there is, a great deal of it, and very nice sand to get out of. I speak with experience as, without seeming to play badly, I yet plunged into a good many of Mr. Colt's bunkers, which makes me think them well placed. Some of them, into which, by the way, I did not plunge, are on a most magnificent scale and comparable to anything to be found by the sea. At the present eleventh hole, for instance, there is a slope running diagonally across the course. It must be a hundred yards from end to end, and the whole of that slope is one noble bunker. I already felt rather shivery as I approached the tee from seeing a notice (it was a chill November day) to the effect that I was not allowed to bathe. I felt still more so when I saw the bunker. It makes a really splendid shot because one can cut off just as big a chunk as one dares and can profit by successful bravery. Then, at the next hole but one, the thirteenth, a series of cavernous sand pits stretch right across the fairway to be surmounted with the second shot to a plateau green on the crest of a ridge beyond them.

There are some extremely attractive short holes. I shall not easily forget the fifth. I put my tee shot through a stiff cross-wind within some five yards of the pin and exclained, internally, "Just see if you can beat that one." There son my enemy put his ball within exactly two inches of the lole. Why it did not go in I cannot conceive. It would have seved him right. I should have enjoyed seeing him pay up foo the traditional bottle of whisky to his small and innocent caddinate a mashie niblick shot, but such an accurate one! Fine and so is the seventeenth, which makes one of three quite activated in the resident of the solut firs behind it, is romantic in the extreme. Finally, the last 1—a drive and a full iron or spoon shot—has a long, narr tapering green beset on either hand. There seemed to me comparatively weak spot in the fourteenth and fifteenth ho which run parallel with one another in rather an awkward cor of ground; but, as a whole, the course was most enjoyable played it off fairly forward tees and enjoyed it none the for that. It can be made as "tigerish" as anyone desires

Dec. 13

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GREAT CRESTED GREBE.—II THE

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY DR. FRANCIS HEATHERLEY.

seen from a yacht when sailing on the Broads, a great crested grebe eluding a close approach by diving each time you seem about to get a good view, but never flying away, is not nearly so interesting a bird as when it can be watched at its ease from a hiding contrivance

time you seem about to get a good view, but never flying away, is not nearly so interesting a bird as when it can be watched at its ease from a hiding contrivance placed close to the nest, for then its domestic life can be observed as it goes on when no one is near.

I found that, as a rule, the chicks already hatched remained with whichever bird happened to be sitting on the remaining eggs, but in the case described in the last article this was not so. After the female had sat for about an hour, conversation with the unseen male began again, and shortly after he sailed into view. Even before that I could hear the young cheeping, and as he swam to the nest, looking very handsome with his crest fully erected and his white breast gleaming like satin in the subshine, I could see two little striped black and white heads peeping out from the middle of his turtle back, like a submarine awas with zebras on board.

Here was no hesitation about the male's approach. He swam ap as unconcerned as if no hiding shed were there, towering over is home; yet, had the nest been unoccupied, his behaviour have been quite different, showing the primitive mentality of the bird. As the female got up I saw that the egg had a large hole it, and as the male began to tread water on one side of the notes and on to its father's back. Then the female swam away out I sight, and shortly afterwards both the chicks' heads appered above their father's back. Then the female swam away out I sight, and shortly afterwards both the chicks' heads appered above their father's back. Then the female swam away out is gift, and shortly afterwards both the chicks' heads appered above their father's back. Then the female swam away out is gift, and shortly afterwards both the chicks' heads appered above their father's back. Then the female swam away out is gift, and shortly afterwards both the chicks' heads appered above their father's back. Then the female swam away out is gift, and shortly afterwards both the chicks' heads appered above their father's back,

material continued to be added until the moment of desertion, showing that it is an instinctive habit, unless the nest continues to be used at night.

The chicks seldom left their cosy quarters, but occasionally, when one was visible on the nest, I could see that lower down the stripes faded away into a dull yellow grey on the back. If, as naturalists aver, the chick's plumage shows in quick change what the species was like in former ages, the grebe as it prowled in and out of the interglacial reed beds like a striped tiger must have been a strange-looking bird. The continual cheeping of the young was not, apparently, due to hunger, for when, later on,

the female swam into view with a small roach crosswise in her beak, neither would take it, although, grunting all the while, she, after each refusal, dropped it in the water and gave it an extra nip. Finally, she swallowed it herself and swam away.

After a time the male grew uneasy, shifting about on the egg, and finally he stood up to see how it was getting on, revealing the chick half way out of the shell. Then he settled down on it again, but in the short glimpse I had I saw it was lying on its side with its head and neck well out of the egg, but the remarkable thing about it was that it had a bloody crown. Not long afterwards it worked its way out from under its father's breast, and then I could see that it had a large round red patch on its forehead like a raw place. I had plenty of time to observe it, as it was a long time before its feeble efforts to clamber on to its father's back were successful, it being knocked down once by one of its brethren which had been down on the nest. On looking more carefully at the other two chicks, I found that both had this raw red patch, smaller in both, but smaller in one than the other, so that it must shrink very rapidly. I have read no explanation of it and have seen nothing like it in the young of other birds, but it almost looked as if the development of the head were not complete when hatched.

Presently, by a lucky chance, the male shifted his position on the nest so that he was broadside on, giving me a good view of the next proceeding, feather feeding. Although they had quite recently refused the fish brought by the female, the chicks readily swallowed the feathers offered by him, pecking at each other in the intervals. He always seemed to search for a small feather on his breast which was loose, and, having plucked it, he craned his neck over, holding it steadily for one of the young to take. After the first six or seven the young grew dainty. Then the male would take the rejected feather and dip it in the water alongside before offering it again. Sometimes t instrument, compared with a hiding shed, for studying the habits

The male, no doubt owing to his larger size affording better accommodation, seemed to do most of the chick carrying; and their presence on his back was indicated, even when they were



BRINGING FISH FOR HER CHICKS



REJECTED OFFERING. THE

not cheeping, by his frequently raising his wing coverts to enable them to move about. On one occasion, when he was sitting with his back towards me, he raised them to their full extent, showing what a roomy nursery they made for the young. Unfortunately, through waiting for the young to show more plainly, I missed my chance as he lowered them again. When he dives he closes his wing coverts, and no doubt encloses air as well. I never saw a chick dropped while diving, but if a youngster happened to be out on the nest when the old bird hurriedly dived owing to the approach of the boatman, the chick would get left behind, swimming about and cheeping loudly, and on such occasions would swim to any outstretched hand and nestle in it. In fact, it showed embarrassing friendliness

and persisted in following the boat, apparently preferring a warm hand to the cold comfort of the nest.

With the hatching of the last chick my opportunities at this nest came to an end, for next day, although I gave them a couple of hours, they never came near the nest. Accordingly, in the afternoon I started work on the other grebe's nest where all four eggs were still unhatched, and continued until it also passed out of use. Although extremely shy on the first day, owing to the shed being moved from the bank to the punt, the male at last came on to the eggs, after which all was well. In fact, next day, when we drifted in noiselessly on the tide, not only did we see the female cover the eggs and dive off the nest, but she kept within four or five yards all the time we were



FEMALE COMING TO FEED YOUNG.

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Dec. 13th, 1924.



YAWNING.



THE COCK GIVING A BREAST FEATHER TO A CHICK.



EAGERLY TAKING A FEATHER.



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transferring my traps to the shed, and was on the eggs before the boat could have been out of sight.

On one occasion, when it was very hot, the female yawned frequently, as also did the young; and I noticed, later on, when the male brought fish for the young he was much more vociferous than the female had been when she had difficulty in disposing of her catch, for he growled all the time exactly like a pup worry-

of her catch, for he growled all the time exactly like a pup worrying a slipper.

The grebes seemed to have no fixed time for relieving one another in incubation. On one occasion, when the male had been sitting three hours, the female, after waiting a little, jumped on to the nest and stood over him for about thirty seconds, but as he did not take the hint, she dived off and swam away. When both birds were on the nest its raft-like structure was very evident, as it rocked from side to side, especially when, a little later, she came again and he rose after she had jumped on to the nest. The birds of both nests were very perfunctory

in covering the eggs when leaving the nest on the approach of the boat. Two or three pieces of lily leaf would be hurriedly the boat. Two or three pieces of lily leaf would be hurriedly dabbed on to the eggs right and left before the bird dived off. Only once did I find the eggs properly covered, so that the nest looked like a decaying heap of weeds. It was on one of my first visits, and I missed my chance by reserving the plate for something else. But I did get what I had failed to get at the other nest, and that was the male with his back turned to me on the alert for the approach of the boat, for then, with his crest fully erected, he always reminded me of a cobra de capello with boad erect. hood erect.

Nevertheless, it is a very beautiful bird. The beauty of its breast alone once nearly led to its extinction, owing to ladies coveting it for their personal adornment. Naturalists say that its beauty is due to sexual selection, all of which goes to support the psychologists who hold that an appreciation of beauty does not necessarily imply a highly developed brain.

ALL **JOLLY CHASE** THE

ting Lays and Hunting Ways, Collected and recollected by Lady Birkett. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, 15s. net.)

UNTING in ancient as well as in modern times has always been considered the most joyous of sports, always been considered the most joyous of sports, and it has probably inspired more songs than any other. Lady Birkett has entered most heartily into the spirit of the game. Her anthology is one of se as well as of verse, and, we may add, of hunting wisdom well as of hunting merriment. The book is opened most ropriately by "A Word Ere We Start," from that prince of rting poets, R. E. Egerton Warburton. Brevity is not its n characteristic, but a line and a half give the gist of it, bid you remember That hunting's a science, and riding an , bid you remember That hunting's a science, and riding an The earliest quotation in the book is from Chaucer, and it s a most amusing medley, making us wish that we had lived in the fourteenth century and witnessed the scene:

Aha, the fox! and after him they ran;
And eke with staves many another man.
Ran Coll our dogge, and Talbot, and Gerland,
And Malkin with her distaff in her hond.
Ran cow and calf, and eke the veray hogges,
So fered were for the berking of the dogges,
And shouting of the men and women eke,
They ronnen so, hem thought her hertes brake.

This extract from the "well of English undefiled" is the earliest This extract from the "well of English undefiled" is the earliest mention of hunting in the book, although some excellent descriptions of the sport in its more usual form could have been taken from the fourteenth century texts published by the Oxford University Press, such as "Sir Gawayne and "The Green Knight." Lady Birkett has aimed chiefly at producing a modern book. What Egerton Warburton is in verse, Beckford is in the prose of the volume, and a better could not easily be found. His remarks on scent for instance, might have been written vesterremarks on scent, for instance, might have been written yester-day: "When game has been ridden after and hurried on by imprudent sportsmen, the scent is less favourable to hounds." He believed that scent depends chiefly on two things: "The condition the ground is in and The temperature of the air; both of which I apprehend should be moist, without being wet." His observations are certainly at first hand and can never lose their value although new advanced theories may be substantiated.

From Dame Juliana Berners is taken her summary of "The Propretees of a Goode Hors":

A goode hors should have 5 propretees and condicions. It is to wit: 1 of a Man, 2 of a Woman, 3 of a Foxe, 4 of a Haare, 5 of an Asse.

Of a Man, strong, proud and hardy.

Of a Woman, fayre brested, faire of haire, and also to looke upon.

Of a Foxe, a fayre taile, short eares, with a good trot.

Of a Haare, a grete eye, a dry hede, and good cunning.

Of an Asse, a bigge chyne, a flatte legge and good hoofe.

This should be read side by side with Beckford, because "The Boke of St. Albans" is also the work of one who formed her own opinions. She does not differ radically from The Druid, who wrote that if he had to choose a hunter by seeing one point only, it should be his head, "for I never knew one with a small, clean intelligent face and prominent eyes to be bad." It may be interesting to put beside this description a stanza from C. J. Whyte-Melville's poem, "The Clipper that Stands in the Sall at the Top":

A head like a snake, and skin like a mouse An eye like a woman, bright, gentle, and brown, With loins and a back that would carry a house, And quarters to lift him smack over a town. What's a leap to the rest, is to him but a hop, This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

It is also pleasant to find that Lady Birkett has put into her

book some old-fashioned country rhymes. One is "The Horse to his Rider":

Up the hill, spare me;
Down the hill, bear me;
On the flat, never fear me.
And the other is "The Rider":

With your head and your heart held up,
And your heels and hands held down,
Your knees pressed close to your horse's sides,
And your elbows close to your own.

There are a great many songs in the volume, but none better than the universal favourite, "D'ye ken John Peel?" None of the hunting poets could bring a string of names more harmoniously into a song:

Rest John Peel and Ruby too, Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True, From a find to a check, from a check to a view, From a view to a death in the morning.

The best praise that one can give to many of the others is that they are highly suitable for singing at a hunt dinner. "Brow, Bay, and Tray," is for West Somerset; it has a vast number of stanzas which could be increased to any extent in order to bring it up-to-date. "Holcombe Song" is the Lancashire hunting anthem, and "A-Hunting we will go" is by Harry Fielding, who ends his chart characteristically. Fielding, who ends his chant characteristically:

At length his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then hungry homeward we return
To feast away the night.
Then a-drinking we will go,
A-drinking we will go,
A-drinking we will go,
A-drinking we will go,

It is very tempting to quote little tit-bits that interest one, but perhaps the reader would like to know something one, but perhaps the reader would like to know something about the general scheme of the book. Stag-hunting is placed in the foreground, and the section opens with a fine old English song, "The Hunt is up," followed by George Gasgcoinge's "The Blazon pronounced by the Huntsman." Hare-hunting comes next, and there is plenty of "go" and enthusiasm in the pieces devoted to that class of sport. Wilfred Blunt makes the best defence in "The Old Squire":

I know my quarries every one,
The meuse where she sits low;
The road she chose to-day was run
A hundred years ago.
third place. Then we have sections on Scent,

A hundred years ago.

Foxhunting has third place. Then we have sections on Scent, Some Famous Runs and The Hunt. In the last-mentioned is a grand little group which includes "The Huntsman," "The Galloping Whip," "The Whipper-In," "Hard-Riding Dick," Mr. Masfield's fine description of the pack and Gervase Markham's of its music, "The Earth-Stopper," by R. E. Egerton Warburton, "The Jolly Old Squire," "The First Whip," "Farmer Dobbin" and "The Sporting Parson."

The sections on Rider and Horse, Bye-Days and The Finish, brings us to the end of the volume, which closes very

Finish, brings us to the end of the volume, which closes very appropriately with a ballad of 1652 called "The Hunting of Arscott of Tetcott":

When the full moon is shining as clear as the day,
John Arscott still hunteth the country, they say;
You may see him on Black-Cap, and hear, in full cry,
The pack from Pencarrow to Dazard go by.
Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

When the tempest is howling, his horn you may hear, And the bay of his hounds in their headlong career; For Arscott of Tetcott loves hunting so well That he breaks for the pastime from Heaven—or Hell. Sing Fol de rol de rol, etc.

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The Unlit Lamp, by Radclyffe Hall. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.)
THIS is one of those rare books that are written with the heart's blood; and, since it is well written, it is very moving. The theme is the old one of the eager yet generous heart of youth, and the selfish demands of age; but it is treated so freshly, so feelingly, out of depths of such painful experience and knowledge, as to make it seem new. It is a book mainly about women, and mainly perhaps for women. Not that it will fail to interest men; but for many a woman, and particularly many an unmarried woman in middle life, it will have an almost unbearable poignancy, because the ghost of her own frustrated youth will look out at her anew from the pages that describe the life of Joan Ogden. "Don't you let yourself be bottled," Joan's boy friend warns her in her teens. But Joan, brilliant and promising though she is, does let herself be bottled—first by her father, next by her sister, finally and beyond hope by her mother. And she does it because, as she herself recognises, "there's one side of me that rages at the injustice of it all and just wants to grab at everything for itself; but there's another side . . . that simply can't inflict pain, that can't bear to hurt anything, not even a fly, because it hurts itself so much in doing it. I'm made like that; I can't bear to hurt things, especially things that seem to lean on me." Of how many women is not that the life history? Joan wants to study medicine; she is eminently fitted to study medicine; and she never does study medicine. That is all. And when she is forty-five, and father, sister, mother have sucked her dry and died, she goes on to that "scrap heap" of which another woman writer, Geraldine Waife, has recently written, also movingly. Tired out, grey-haired, with varicose veins and other ailments of middle age, she has to sell up even her house that has prisoned her, and start afresh as nurse-attendant to a mentally deficient patient. Her staunch woman friend has tired of the long wait for Joan's freedo

Serena Blandish. or The Difficulty of Getting Married, by a
Lady of Quality. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)
WERE it not for its unflinching truth, one would call this exquisite
little work a fairy tale, with the fairies left out, and but for its pathos,
a satire. Serena Blandish is a kind of female Candide, though she
wanders from "the garden city by the southern docks," only as far as
Berkeley Square. Beautiful, wholly a-moral, and much too humble,
Serena had "technically long lost her innocence" when it was the whim
of Countess Flor di Folio to carry her from the degrading environment
of the garden suburb to Berkeley Square, along with a parrot, a peacock
and an Arab boy, and there, for one month, to give her the opportunity
to make a brilliant marriage. Serena longed with her whole being to
marry. But, though the young men made all kinds of propositions
none suggested marriage. And those who appeared most ardent,
Serena had not strength or policy to resist. But on the last morning
of the enchanted month, a fabulously wealthy, but bastard and halfcast Dago, who, scarcely speaking a word of English, could not fall
to Serena's fatal fluency, breathed the magic words, and Serena achieved
the desire of her existence. The plot, though, is a mere clothes horse.

One has rarely been given so brilliant an insight into the heart of a woman, nor one so bitingly sincere; the eternal hope, the perpetual disappointment, the advantages and disadvantages of innocence. The style of the Lady of Quality is perfectly formed, clear and sparkling, her narration neat and polished. One is driven for a comparison to "La Princesse de Clèves."

"La Princesse de Clèves."

Chris Gascoyne, by A. C. Benson. (Murray, 7s. 6d.)

THE matter of this book is said to be drawn from the diaries of one, John Trevor, a stockbroker; but Mr. Benson forgets, except at are and casual intervals, that he is a stockbroker, and continues to be Mr. A. C. Benson. He writes pleasantly and discursively about a certain literary group, and about Chris Gascoyne who, after being the moring spirit of that group, breaks away from it and goes to live alone in the country, where at last he discovers that life is not only a thing to be watched, talked and written about, but to be lived. As a story the book is a little thin; but then, as compensation for this, Mr. Benson is always agreeably liable to go off into one of those shrewd witty sayings hat may be called, perhaps, for their family likeness, Bensoniana. "he sort of smile you put on when you are much bored, but when you lave got so good a game of your own on, that you don't mind being bor d."

"Mr. Bevir . . . went off with the uneasy look about the bek, the tendency to wriggle, which afflicts one when one walks away form a watching group." Chris Gascoyne himself begins by being ra her an irritating figure, because we are told too often how charming he is; and charm, like genius, is a thing that weak human nature love to discover for itself, but cannot bear to be talked to about. Extracts for the letters of Chris, moreover, are too apt to be heralded with a fan are of adjectival trumpets: "pretty," "delightful," and so on. But l ter on, when Chris gets more to grips with life, we acknowledge that his charm, tact and sympathy are the real thing.

Stories of Old Ireland and Myself, by Sir William Orpen. (Williams

Stories of Old Ireland and Myself, by Sir William Orpen. (Williams and Norgate, 12s. 6d.)

A GOOD many curious figures flit through Sir William Orpen's notes on the wings of some little anecdote or other. Sir Henry Wilson, Jim Larkin at Liberty Hall, Sir Hugh Lane and the Dublin Gallery, George Moore, Markeiwicz, Davitt, Mahaffy, with many other inhabitants and visitors to Dublin before the Rebellion. Admirable portraits are given of some of them, amusing caricatures of others. There is a strain, but not over much, of the dreamily sentimental, inseparable from Ireland, but Sir William is impartially cheerful on the whole, as befits an artist with a cosmopolitan reputation. The funniest anecdote is one given in the first chapter about George Moore passing a marvellous view in a train, and exclaiming, "Look! look! I'd give pounds to be able to see it for just a few minutes." "Right," said Gogarty, his companion, and pulled the communication cord.

SOME BOOKS RECEIVED.

REMINISCENCES OF MY YOUTH, by Maxim Gorki. (Heinemann,

158.)

EL RODEO, by Charles Simpson, with an Introduction by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (The Bodley Head, 158.)

THE VAST SUDAN, by Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore. (Arrowsmith, 218.)

FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A. Introduction by Malcolm C. Salaman.

(The Studio Office, 5s.) SAMUEL PEPYS, by J. Lucas-Dubreton. (Philpot, 7s. 6d.)

VICE HORSES IN

HEN we talk of vice in horses, to what do we refer? What are our experiences which lead us to use so strong a term? Can we honestly say that we have any justification for this expression? Possibly those who have lived abroad and know the habits of the country bred may be able to produce instances, but speaking generally I think all will admit, when they think the matter over, that they have never come across real vice in any horse. By real vice I mean inherent vice, and vice which cannot be cured and which no gentle treatment can eradicate.

Most of the so-called vicious incidents that have come to my knowledge have been produced by incorrect handling. A horse will start kicking if the rider is inadvertantly tickling him with the spur, another will commence to jib because the rider is too nervous, or to refuse because he is being badly ridden. Another will show temper in the stable on account of bad grooming and so on. We have all experience of "temper," but if we try to understand the reasons for this we shall nearly always find it is due, not to the horse, but to his treatment.

treatment.

Fortunately, horses have a better chance in this country than in the Colonies, and for that reason we find them more amenable. For instance, buck jumping is practically unknown here, but out in the prairies it is quite common. So much so, that it has become an every-day occurrence over there. This is almost entirely due to the rough treatment horses experience in their breaking, and is not due to inherent vice. I am prepared to wager a large sum that were we to transpose our methods of handling young horses, we should have the home of buck jumping in this country and it would die out completely over the water.

buck jumping in this country and it would die out completely over the water.

There is another very common "vice." It is called "running away." All horsemen know that this is usually due to bad horsemanship. In fact, wherever the habit has been formed it is always due to a continuance of bad riding. The horse does not want to gallop all out, as hard as possible, along the macadam road, or to go "all out" round and round a field. He does so, because first of all he is an animal of good courage and vitality. Secondly, because he has no knowledge of what is required of him. All he is aware of is a very heavy hand tugging at his mouth. He receives no "aids" or anything to tell him of the rider's wishes, and the pain he is suffering affects his powers of reasoning and of thought. If he were "vicious" he would soon "remove" his rider, but being, as all horses are, docile by nature, and wonderfully patient and long-suffering, he bears the discomfort without ill-will and just gallops on, because he really does not know what else

to do. With speed the blood surges to his head, his reasoning powers leave him, and bewildered beyond endurance, he may charge into some obstacle, which causes a serious accident. But the poor animal has shown no "vice" and the blame should rest entirely upon the rider or the training he has had.

Horses that have been steeplechased naturally learn to "pull," because that is the way they have been taught. So if we take them out hunting, and find them hard to stop, it is no vice. It is very much the reverse, in fact. They are doing what they think is expected of them. It is up to us as riders to re-train them, and not to blame them. In the old days, if one wanted to pick out a good troop horse, it was always a certainty to ask the troop sergeant to show you the wast horse in the stable. I have no doubt things are much better now, but in those days a horse with courage soon became the "nasty vice us brute," and thin-skinned horses were always "devils to groom."

Whatever happened they always blamed the horse and accused 1 m, when anything displeasing occurred, with being an "asterisk," "da a," "asterisk" son of an "asterisk projenitor! When casting par les came on there were always quite a bunch of horses up to be cast for "vice," and very many stories could be told of the wonderful succe ses that subsequent owners have had with these so-called "incur ply vicious" horses.

In the old cavalry training, "vice" was put down in a promin nt

that subsequent owners have had with these so-called "incur vicious" horses.

In the old cavalry training, "vice" was put down in a proming position in the chapters on Training Horses, but I am pleased to be to record that I was instrumental in having that objectionable were moved. To speak of vice in a horse is to argue against your or knowledge and experience. The horse is so gentle by nature, so do by disposition, so patient and forbearing that vice must be somethequite apart from his normal disposition.

When we see something that looks vicious, it is up to us to sfor the reason. For instance, mares in June are as fickle as A weather, but if we regard them as vicious because they refuse, or ke then we must proclaim ourselves supremely ignorant. I rememnoticing one day a lady was riding a horse that started to kick a lit. He was not kicking really, he was only "protesting" against a struckich had got in between his back and the saddle. She promptly go him a jolly good welting, and accused him of the most malicious motive I explained as delicately as I could what had happened, but she sattat it was no reason for his kicking, and gave him another "just put him in his place." I wondered what she herself would have done had she had dropped something down her back and whether she would not have taken steps to shake it out, and pretty quick too. But some times it is best to keep one's thoughts to oneself.

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THE RUFFORD NEAR KELHAM HILLS.

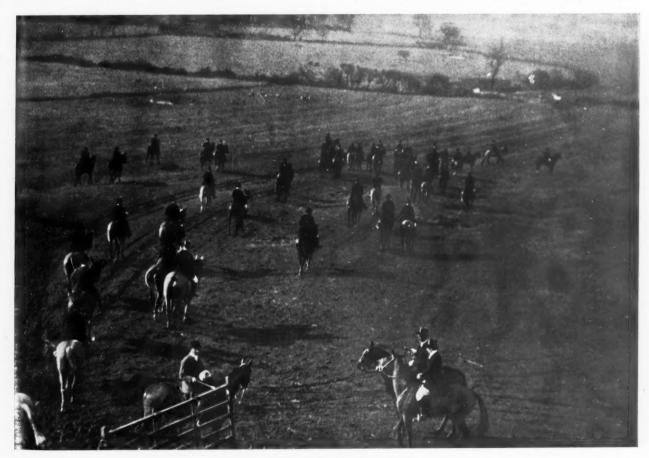
Rearing is another so-called vice, but it is usually started by bad riding, or bad training. It is very easily put right with a little judicious hadding. It sometimes occurs when a horse objects to leaving the strible yard, but if he is led out with a little encouragement, the trouble is boon over. If, on the other hand, we start to hit him, we may turn a "murmur" into a real fight, and an incident into a habit. Or it may occur because we are pressing on with the training too quickly. For instance, perhaps we are asking him to jump a fence too big for him, or one that he does not like because it has a boggy take off. The answer in such a case is to desist and not to force him. But these little "show ups" are so obviously not vice; it is absurd to call them that. "For vice sometime's by action dignified" and once we understand the reason for the horse's temper we ourselves become more human and we begin to overcome by tact what we regarded as incurable, only to find it on examination to be nothing more nor less than a misunderstanding.

Temper is, of course, a different thing from vice. The former is only temporary, while the latter is, or is supposed to be of a permanent nature. But it is difficult in discussing these matters to differentiate with any exactitude between the two phases. It is, however, possible to ruin a horse's temper and once this has been accomplished, it is final. No amount of kindness will bring back what has been irredeemably lost. It may be instances such as these which give colour to the "vice" idea, but mercifully they are extremely rare in this country. They would never occur at all did we all know and understand how a horse should be treated. Vice is the reiteration of temper, and for those mathematically inclined we can express it thus:

Tn = V

But however we choose to express it, let us eliminate the word from our vocabulary and I feel sure that if we do so we shall have made a good step towards understanding the mentality, the thoughts and troubles of our good friend the horse.

M. F. McTaggarr (Lieut,-Col.)



H. Barrett.

IN THE BLANKNEY COUNTRY.



"HERE is a Court indeed as near as Kensington," wrote Walpole, commenting on the heat and emptiness of London in July, 1754. "But where the Monarch is old, the courtiers are seldom young; they sun themselves in a window like flies buzzing in autumn and to be swept away on the first hurricane of the new reign." The amiable Queen Caroline cast over Kensington a glamour it had lacked since the time of Mary, and did not recapture till Princess Victoria slept in the clean white nursery by the King's Gallery. But after her death the unsavoury pall of widowerhood descended again on the palace. Where William III had peeved and tippled away the last years of his noble life, where Queen

Anne and Prince George had waddled in complacent corpule ce, and George I held his unwilling, if homely, courts; now his exasperating old successor and disagreeable familiars, "like lies buzzing in autumn," awaited "the first hurricane of the lew reign."

When George II and his Queen moved into Kensing on after their coronation in 1727, they found the state rooms newly decorated by William Kent, but scarcely furnished. The Grand Staircase and the King's Gallery were only completed in that year, and the Queen, who had had no predecessor in the new rooms, with Kent's aid and her husband's habitual opposition set about putting her house in order. That Kent was employed by her has long been known. His

by her has long been known. His vogue, indeed, properly dates from her patronage of him. He became her architect, he assisted in the laying out of her gardens, he obliged Court ladies with original and characteristic "creations," for which acts of complaisance, mingled with his form of wit, he has incurred the abuse of his less gallant critics. When he dressed one lady in a costume ornamented with the Vitruvian Orders, and another in bronze satin to suggest a statue, it was the ladies' look-out if they chose to go to a house decorator instead of to a ladies' decorator. Inigo Jones is not pilloried because his masquers look ridiculous, and, no doubt, the ladies in question attracted all the attention they deserved. With the Queen Kent was supreme. In May, 1727, he produced, at her command, various sketches for the arrangement and decoration of some of the new rooms. He charged £50 for—

Drawing the sides of the Drawing Room, with all the pictures sketched in their proper colours, designing and drawing the mouldings and ornaments for all the picture frames, glasses, etc., for drawing the Gallery with all the pictures sketched in proper colours, the frames drawn with heli ornaments, at large, and for the sconce and glasses.

The drawing-room is Queen Caroline's Drawing-room, shown as it is to-de in Fig. 7, and largely as Kent arrang it and as it remained in 1819, in Py e's picture (Fig. 5). The gallery referred to is more probably the Queen's the King's Gallery. The former, a we shall see in a later article, was re-paid at that time white and gilt.

at that time white and gilt.

There is still some doubt of the exact date of the painting of the ing in Queen Caroline's Draw room (Fig. 6), largely because cannot be certain what the room is called before she adopted it. The order of the decoration of the room is is this: the Cupola Room, 1721 to 1725; the Privy Chamber and the King's Bedchamber in 1723; the Pesence Chamber and the Council Chamber, 1724; the Gallery, closets and Starcase, 1725-27. The Cupola, Gallery, Presence, closets and Staircase admit



1.—CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE PRESENCE CHAMBER, BY GRINLING GIBBONS. Moved here in 1724 from the King's Drawing Room. Previously in the King's Gallery or Closets.

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Pictures: Francis Couplet, by Kneller; The Empress Catharine, by Lampi; Peter the Great, by Kneller; Walpole, by Van Loo.

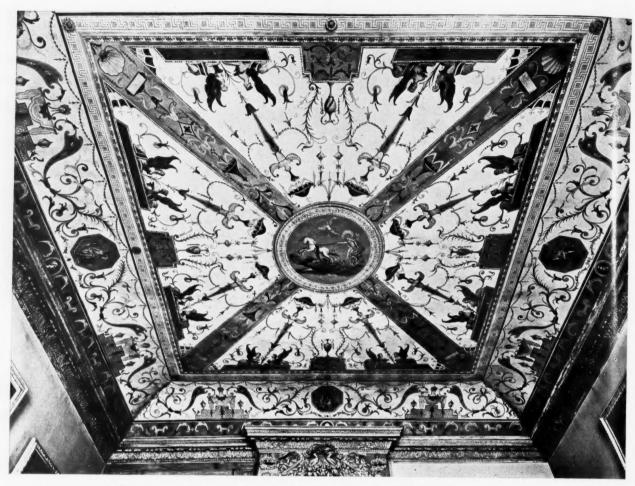


3.—THE PRESENCE CHAMBER IN 1819, LOOKING THROUGH TO THE STAIRCASE.

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4.—THE CEILING OF THE PRESENCE CHAMBER IN GROTESQUE PAINTING, BY KENT, 1724.



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5.—KENT'S CEILING OF QUEEN CAROLINE'S DRAWING-ROOM.

1924.

of no ambiguity. The King's Bedchamber is always located in the north-east pavilion, but it is at present done up in the simple manner of 1800. Conceivably, a ceiling "in grotesque painting," as charged for by Kent, might be discovered beneath the present whitewash. The Council Chamber of to-day, where Queen Victoria held her first council, is the circular pillared room below the Cupola Room, but there are several instances of the King's Gallery being called by that name during William III's reign. It is thus conceivable that George I used what became Queen Caroline's Drawing-room as a council chamber. The Privy Chamber is probably identical with the present King's Drawing-room (Fig. 8). The main objection, though, to this explanation consists in other entries in the accounts. For, although in October, 1723, Kent was paid £300 (the highest price paid for a single apartment, exclusive of the Gallery and Cupola Room) for painting the ceiling of the Privy Chamber—which supports its identification with the King's Drawing-room—yet in the following January there is an express reference to—

A new marble mantlepiece for the New Drawing Room with Terms and Scrools and for removing the chimneypiece from that room to the Presence Chamber.

The Queen's Drawing-room yet retains its chimneypiece, which does not answer to this description. That of the King's Drawing-room has disappeared, but there can be no doubt that it was the one referred to. The difference of names, however, is not so great as to prevent us being certain enough that the Grinling Gibbons chimneypiece now in the presence chamber (Fig. 1) was at this date moved from the King's Drawing-room, or Privy Chamber (Fig. 8).

presence chamber (Fig. 1) was at this date moved from the King's Drawing-room, or Privy Chamber (Fig. 8).

With the Council Chamber, though, the difficulty is more imposing. In May, 1724, Kent was paid £300 for painting the ceilings of the Presence and Council Chambers in grotesque painting. There is no doubt whatever what was meant by grotesque painting. The Presence Chamber ceiling (Fig. 4), is unmistakable. The heavy use of gilding in the Queen's Drawing-room ceiling, moreover, rules out the possibility of its costing a penny less than that of the King's Drawing-room. We must therefore confess that, in the present state of our information, we cannot assign an actual year to its decoration.

The Presence Chamber, which lies next to it and at the head of the stairs, is particularly well documented, as well as a most interesting apartment. Even if we had



6-QUEEN CAROLINE'S DRAWING-ROOM, AFTER PYNE, 1819.



Copyright 7.—QUEEN CAROLINE'S DRAWING-ROOM AS IT IS.

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8.—THE KING'S DRAWING-ROOM IN 1819.



9.—THE SAME TO-DAY, HUNG WITH HISTORICAL PICTURES BY BENJAMIN WEST.

not the specific charges for it in 1724, that date has been found on the plaster of the ceiling. The chimneypiece which, as we have seen, was moved from the King's Drawing-room in 1724, can only have been there since 1721, when the rooms were completed. Prior to that it is difficult to say definitely where it might have been. It may have been in that room of the old house which occupied the position of the Cupola Room, and was decorated in 1690 by Alexander Fort. But no mention is made of such a piece by Gibbons in any of the rooms Fort was engaged upon there. Gibbons, however, was paid large sums for work done in the King's Gallery and closets, which has mostly disappeared. There is some probability that it came from that part of the house, and possibly from the Gallery itself, in which case it will have been carved about 1695.

in which case it will have been carved about 1695.

The cornice of the Presence Chamber is of Wren's time, before the building of the King's Gallery, when this room was contained in one of the "pavilions." The door-cases, however, were inserted in 1724. Pyne shows the walls hung with tapestry and full of pictures (Fig. 2). In place of the Van Loo portrait of Walpole over the chimneypiece there was then an "Adoration," by Adrian Hannemann. Among the other pictures recognisable the other pictures recognisable in the engraving is an old copy of Corregio's "Marriage of St. Catherine," to the right of the fireplace, the two children of Philip II of Spain, by Sir Antonio More, and two big compositions in chiaroscuro compositions in chiaroscuro by Carlo Cignani. At present by Carlo Cignani. At present three most interesting pictures hang on the south wall (Fig. 3). On the left is the picture of Francis Couplet, a Chinaman converted and turned missionary, by Kneller, a work of which he was particularly proud. In the centre hangs the Empress Catharine of Russia by Lampi, and on the right Kneller's picture of Peter the Great, painted during his stay in England during 1698. But the ceiling is the most amusing part of the room. Kent's inspiration is usually referred to the discoveries of Pompeii and Herculaneum. But, as Mr. Law points out, But, as Mr. Law points out, these cities remained undisturbed for thirty years after this ceiling was painted, and it was Adam, Wyatt and Leverton, not Kent, who made their reputations with "Etruscan" designs. Kent can have only had Raphael's loggie in the Vatican to go on, and such other works of the cinque-cento. The colours used are bright blue, red, green and yellow brown, on a ground now yellowed with age. When the walls were richly lined

the effect was delightful, as Pyne's engraving shows, and as can be seen in the smoking room at Rousham, where Kent executed a very similar design. He was, in fact, very fond of this kind of work. He introduced it into the ceiling of a vista on the Staircase, and the ceilings of both the King's Bedchamber and Council Chamber are stated to have been likewise painted with grotesques.

Pyne records that between the windows of this room there hung a mirror "of large dimensions, tastefully decorated with festoons of flowers, painted with great truth, and spirit, by Jean Baptiste Monnoyer. . . . Queen Mary sat by the painter during the greater part of the time he was thus employed." This passage is of interest since it gives a clue to the provenance of these painted mirrors. The

of these painted mirrors. The writer does not know of many, but one of them bears the arms of Mary of Modena. This particular mirror has

d appeared.

To the north lies Queen roline's Drawing-room, lookout into Clock Court, and mmunicating with the Cupola om and Queen Mary's apartents, which Queen Caroline d Queen Anne took over in Pyne shows the appearm. ce of the room when fitted th pictures and the furniture William's and Kent's times. -day the pictures are fewer d represent foreign Royalty the eighteenth century. The ainscoting is shown in Pyne's agraving the same colour as is now, but one can rest ertain that Kent had it painted and varnished originally. arrangement of the great panels -no longer defined by the bold bolection moulding of Wren—is unsatisfactory, as is the disposition of the lower cornice between the windows and the rather useless panels above them. This lower cornice, though, may be a piece of William III work used up, though Richards, the master carver, could work quite comfortably in the earlier style on occasion. The upper cornice has a fine projection and is boldly moulded. The date of the ceiling has already been argued without effect. It must, however, be about 1725 or perhaps a few years later. Both here and in the King's Drawing-room an oval painting, set back in a deep recess, forms the central feature, the remainder of the space being treated in mosaic. The painting represents Minerva and Mars (wearing the Order of the Garter) with the youthful Painting gambolling at their feet and symbols of other arts close at hand. The colours are flat and washy, but, as Mr.

Law, Kent's bitterest detractor after Walpole, is bound to admit, "the general effect if you do not look at it, is rich." That is the whole difference between decoration and painting. Kent, as we were saying with regard to the Cupola Room, was a decorator, and a very successful one at that. His age was weary of the ceilings, which annoyed Pope so, where armies of figures were marshalled with faultless drawing and vapid enthusiasm, which drew the gaze upwards where it should have remained below. Kent was concerned with the appearance of richness, not with the development of a panegyric theme. Admittedly this is one of his worst works, and comes near to meriting Walpole's censure that "in his ceilings Kent's drawing was as defective as the colouring of his portraits, and as void of every merit." But nothing in this room,

which he had to decorate, merits such prejudiced abuse as this of Mr. Law's:

Examining the decoration in detail, we perceive everywhere evidences of his awkward and graceless style. The doorways, for instance, are unnecessarily lofty and gaunt, and with their heavy cumbrous architraves, flat moulded, with little light and shade, greatly impair the proportions of the room. In the tall semi-circular headed central windows also, surmounted by a purposeless oak bracket—even in such details as the mouldings of the panelling and of the framing of the doors, and the flatness of the panels, and their relative sizes to the width of the rails and "stiles"—we detect his marked inferiority to Wren in the designing of such fittings.

This catalogue of sins is given as an exhibition of Kent's "false ideas of pseudo-classicism," and his fault is, apparently, that



10.—JUPITER AND SEMELE, KENT'S CEILING OF THE KING'S DRAWING-ROOM, PAINTED 1723.

he did not ape Wren or merely copy Inigo Jones, who presumably had correct ideas of pseudo-classicism or pseudo-ideas of correct classicism. In fact, Mr. Law's quarrel with Kent is that he is not Wren; just as at Hampton Court Wren is pilloried for not being Cardinal Wolsey. This is sterile criticism, and much else in the same vein has always been a weakness in Mr. Law's otherwise most useful little guide.

Mr. Law's otherwise most useful little guide.

The King's Drawing-room (Fig. 8) was being dismantled even while Pyne was looking at it in 1819. Although the red and gold wallpaper is not original, on Pyne's authority a similar paper was hung there as a novelty by Kent. It is a much more successful room than the Queen's Drawing-room, principally owing to the absence of wainscot and the pleasing design of the dado. The ceiling, of which the cove somewhat

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resembles Kent's great ceiling at Devonshire House, again has a recessed oval centre filled with a cloudy mythological scene, which, though not of inspired design, fulfils its function of appearing rich. Kent's intention may have been to suggest there was a hole in the ceiling through which the observer, as through a telescope, beheld these events in the empyrean. If we are correct in the identification of the room with the Privy Chamber, this ceiling will have cost £300 in 1723.

The pictures form a most interesting collection of George III's beloved West, and that artist can nowhere be better studied. In our illustration the top left-hand picture is his "Death of Bayard," painted in 1771 as a pendant to the "Death of Wolfe," seen below, and of "Epaminondas" (top centre). The artist proposed the subject as "serving to illustrate the heroism and peculiarities of the Middle Ages." Below it is "Armenius' Wife Brought Captive to Germanicus" (1772), which is a companion picture to "Cyrus Liberating the Family of Astyages," to the right of the "Death of Wolfe." The Armenius was painted as a result of a conversation of George III with some antiquaries who interested him with the notion that the House of Hanover was descended from the daughter of this chieftain. West accordingly "communicated a little of the lineaments of the living to the images of the dead."

antiquaries who interested him with the notion that the House of Hanover was descended from the daughter of this chieftain. West accordingly "communicated a little of the lineaments of the living to the images of the dead."

Between these is West's replica of "The Death of General Wolfe," painted in 1771. Reynolds at first had doubted the propriety of dressing the figures of a historical picture in modern costume, and accordingly the King allowed Lord Grosvenor to buy it, until Reynolds retracted and prophesied that the work might "cause a revolution in the art." The King thereupon ordered the replica. The original passed from Grosvenor House to Canada. Above this hangs a fine Monnoyer flower piece.

To the left of the door is "The Final Departure of Regulus from Rome" (1769), the first picture painted by West for the King, the subject of which was suggested by the latter reading to West the passage in Livy describing the event. During its

To the left of the door is "The Final Departure of Regulus from Rome" (1769), the first picture painted by West for the King, the subject of which was suggested by the latter reading to West the passage in Livy describing the event. During its execution George III had frequent conversations with the artist, out of which arose the first suggestions for a Royal Academy. The picture was shown at the first exhibition. Balancing it now hangs "The Oath of Hannibal Never to Make Peace with Rome."

These pictures, the foundation of the "Historical School," are far from bad. They are immensely competent, perfectly drawn, and the colouring fresh and clean. Thus they are

thoroughly decorative, and if they do not greatly move, there is a dignity and restraint about them that is highly attractive.

Pyne records in this room several great pictures by Wotton illustrating victories of Marlborough and William III, and Hervey, in his "Memoirs," recalls an even earlier arrangement. During the absence of the King in 1735 Queen Caroline "had taken several very bad pictures out of the great drawing-room and had put very good ones in their places." The King, on his return, ordered Hervey, as Vice-Chamberlain, to have them brought back, to which Hervey pleaded that at least—

the two Vandycks on either side the chimneypiece might remain, instead of the two signposts, done by nobody knew whom, that hid been moved to make room for them. To which the King answered, "My Lord, I have a great respect for your taste in what you und assisted the Queen with your fine advice when she was pulling hy house to pieces and spoiling all my furniture?" "Would your Majesty," said Lord Hervey, "have the gigantic fat Venus restor doo?" "Yes, my lord; I am not so nice as your Lordship. I like my fat Venuses very much better than anything you have given the instead of her."

It was in one of the closets opening off his bedroom, that lies next to this apartment, that the testy old monarch, for whom distance renders a certain fugitive affection not wholy impossible, met his end in a characteristically undignified manner. Walpole is shockingly ribald about the dreadful occasion; but he, along with everybody who went near the Court, "shared the warm and frequent sallies of his abominable temper."

occasion; but he, along with everybody who went near the Court, "shared the warm and frequent sallies of his abominable temper."

After the death of George II the state apartments were neglected till the Duke and Duchess of Kent's time. It was George II's wish that his grandson should come and live there and keep a Court. But, although in 1756 £40,000 was allowed the young prince with this intention, he remained with the Princess of Wales at Kew and Leicester Fields. When he did succeed to the crown, George III never lived at Kensington, and the only event connected with him is his dispersal of the pictures among various palaces and private individuals. His aversion to the place may have been partly occasioned by its remoteness at that time. "The road between Kensington and London," wrote Hervey in 1736, "is grown so infamously bad, that we live here in the same solitude as we should do if cast on a rock in the middle of the ocean, and all Londoners tell us there is between them and us a great impassible gulf of mud."

Christopher Hussey.

Articles concluding the series on Kensington Palace will be published in the near future.

OUR GAME

It should be mentioned that the writer of this article, Mr. A. J. Davidson, is the present Amateur Champion of figure skating in the English style, and that the illustrations are from photographs taken by Mr. Humphrey Cobb, himself President of the Bear Skating Club at Morgins.

E are a small band, but a devoted one, and we love our game with the same fervour with which the true angler loves his pastime, so single-hearted that, though his labour go unrequited, he is still happy only to be practising his art. A cricketer must always be making runs or taking wickets or catching catches. The golfer must be ever at the stretch to outdrive his

opponent or make life bitter to him by holing the long putt. Even the noble art of self-defence can hardly be practised without antagonism. And it is so with all games but ours.

In ours there are no opponents, no adversaries. There is only one side in the game, and competition, so far as it is present at all, is with an ideal and not with an entity.

And what may be the name of this unique sport?



A COMBINED SET OF FOUR SKATERS.

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A COMBINED SET OF SIX SKATERS.

Well, we of the brotherhood call it "Combined," but its f ll name is "Figure Skating in the English Style "or "Combined I gure Skating," whichever you like. Its joy lies in doing s mething as well as you can and enjoying its ardours in comrades ip with others who are doing the same thing, at the same time, i. the same spirit.

It is difficult to convey to those unacquainted with it the scination of this sport of skating figures in combination, and, lke good wine, it is not for all and sundry. The palate must be refined in order to appreciate it, and it can only be fully enjoyed a choice company. As in chamber music, sheer skill of execution will not produce the very best; so in "Combined." The spirit of the game must be there in the one case, just as musicianship in the other, before perfect work can be produced. But when a well balanced team get going together, the excitement and exaltation they enjoy as their figures ever gain in speed and swing can hardly be described.

The selfish player is and must be anathema with us. For the very fact of the eminence of one player above the others in a set mars the perfection of the whole and forbids the spell of concerted rhythm which is the very soul of "Combined."

Hard to believe though it may be, it is yet true that, not-withstanding the handicap of our climate, all the essential movements in figure skating are the invention of Englishmen. Beginning with Lieutenant Jones in the eighteenth century, and coming down to Vandervell and Witham, Pidgeon, Monier Williams and Dryden, the authors of the art have been English. Members of other nations have built on the foundations laid by these and have developed that most beautiful branch of the art, figure skating in the International style. But the English temperament has worked along other lines, and for good or ill has produced our game of "Combined," as difficult as cricket for the foreigner to understand.

Two causes have always worked to prevent "Combined' becoming widely practised or even widely known. First, of course, is our climate. The records of the Skating Club, the first club for figure skating to be formed in England, go back about ninety years and show that hard winters have always been rare. They seem to occur in groups, and the severest group was seen in the years between 1885 and 1895. The last fifteen years have produced very little continuous hard weather. The average winter for ninety years has given about twelve days on which there has been bearing ice. The days on which the ice has been really suitable for figure skating, it can easily be imagined, have been far less numerous.

Now, "Combined" not only requires good ice, but plenty of it. A set of four skaters demands a space forty yards square for their figures, and a set of six a still greater space. Therefore, when ice is so hard to come by, it is well-nigh impossible for so small a number of skaters to annex a sufficient area for themselves on a public water. Not one in a hundred of those who joyfully hurry to the ice whenever it bears, or before, has ever heard of, much less seen, our game. Wimbledon Lake is probably the only public water in England where it has been possible to count on seeing Combined Figures well skated.

But the game still lives, and its life is renewed each winter by those happy ones who can seek the sun and ice of an Alpine winter. In the Alps ice that is bad can be made good. At home that is very rarely possible.

Only twice in forty years have I seen a perfect sheet of ice. Such ice as Switzerland cannot show, not the work of a fierce zero frost, diamond hard; but smooth as the smoothest satin, frond-figured like watered silk, with the bloom of a grape and the spring of steel; dimly clear like Irish glass, the forms of dusky fishes dimly to be discerned through it; giving out no sound to the flying skate but the deep murmur of a bell of gold. Such ice, such ice—but how rare! Twice only in a lifetime.

In Switzerland, on the other hand, there exist magicians who, in the absence of an absolute thaw or a really heavy fall of snow, can give you ice as good as, or better than, a man has any right to desire, week in, week out. And then the blue sky and the glittering mountains, the cheerful sunshine and the maddening air! Happy indeed those who can play their game there. And there they play it not as a snatched delight, but as a secure possession.

When the magic of an Alpine winter first began to be realised in England, "winter sports" meant to nearly all of us skating, tobogganing and possibly curling. Ski-ing was hardly known to us. Even tobogganing was still rather a nebulous term in the minds of the stay-at-homes, and to distinguish between a skelly, a bob and a luge betokened some degree of inner knowledge. But everyone thought they knew, anyhow, what skating was.

In those days there were very few visitors to Davos, St. Moritz or Grundelwald who did not take either their sports or their health very seriously. Among skaters those who professed the English style ruled the roost. "Combined," which had always tended towards vigour, at once became truly athletic, and thereby entered into its kingdom. For only by speed are its peculiar joys discovered. It also fell, however, to some extent into bondage under extremists among its devotees whose skill and enthusiasm made it natural that they should be accepted as arbiters of style. Our game was nearly petrified by "Thou shalt nots." But now it is becoming recognised that the heat of a combined figure calls for some opportunism, if it is to be instinct with life and dash, as it should be. Our game must be light-hearted or it is nothing.

Meanwhile, from year to year our brotherhood grows in numbers and our game in interest, for new combinations and dispositions of movements are continually being brought into action. But this is not to say that the game becomes more difficult. Indeed, the tendency is the other way, being directed towards making more clear the principles on which the scheme of movements is based. The result is that the field of enjoyment has been extended relatively more for the novice than for the expert; so that now almost as great excitement can be extracted from simple strokes well planned as from the most difficult of turns.

So much is this the case that one who can do no more than strike boldly forward on steady edges is capable under good leadership of taking his part with credit in this most joyous of pursuits. If he has once advanced so far, there will be no going back for him, and it will be long odds that our brotherhood has gained another brother.

A. J. Davidson.

Dec

WOOLLY WEST.-I THE

BY CHARLES J. BELDEN.

RAZING on the steppes of Russia, the veldts of South Africa, the plains of Australia, and the vast mountain ranges of the United States are the millions of woolly animals that from time immemorial have clothed and fed the peoples of the world. These fleecy creatures have adapted themselves to the greatest extremes of climatic conditions in all parts of the globe and have thrived where other domestic animals could barely exist. The origin of the sheep seems to be more or less obscure, but it was undoubtedly one of the first animals to be domesticated, for the sheepskin garment and the stone hatchet have always been accepted as the most important items in the equipment of our prehistoric ancestors. In earliest biblical times the flocks were the mainstay of both the tillers of the soil and the tribes of nomads that roamed the earth. The docile sheep supplied clothing to keep them warm and meat for their hunger.

clothing to keep them warm and meat for their hunger.

It is a far cry from the bolts of finely woven woollens piled in the smart tailors' shops of Bond Street and Fifth Avenue to the bands of sheep grazing on the remote highland pastures of the world's sheep ranges. The man discussing the cut of a coat or the pattern of a cloth does not picture the lonely sheep herder and his flock of "woollies" far up in the clouds on the highest reaches of the mountains, perhaps a hundred miles from any habitation. Nor does he see the sheep huddled together on a bed-ground under the lee of a hill while night after night raging blizzards swirl around them driving the snow over their backs. When the tailor tells him that the cloth is woven from the finest merino wool, it means little to him except that in a general way he knows that merino is supposed to be good wool. The growing and shearing of this wool on the vast desert and mountain ranges of the West are an industry that possesses the romantic fascination of anything that has to do with the great open spaces.

romantic fascination of anything that has to do had appropen spaces.

The beginnings of the sheep industry in America date from the sixteenth century, when the Spanish conquistadores, on their voyages of discovery, brought sheep into Mexico. These sheep were the foundation of herds acquired by the Pueblo and Navajo Indians, who seemed to be particularly well fitted as shepherds, and who developed great skill in weaving wool into blankets. When the Spaniards settled in California they

were quick to realise the possibilities for grazing sheep on the great mountain ranges during the summer and in the broad, flat valleys during the winter. These flocks were built up from heavy-shearing merino sheep, which subsequently supplied a foundation for the range flocks of Oregon, Washington, Idalo, Montana and Wyoming.

As the sheep began to encroach on the grazing lands of he cattlemen trouble began to brew, and violent range wars between sheep herders and cowpunchers were precipitated through ut the West. Blazing sheep wagons, dead herders and scatteed bands of sheep proclaimed the vengeance of the cowmen, while the sheepmen retaliated by sweeping across the ranges with band after band of sheep, cleaning off every vestige of feed. In the parlance of the range country, they "ate out the cate emen." In self-protection many of the big cattle outfits begin to run sheep, and to-day practically all of the larger range cate interests, especially in the north-west, own many sheep.

With the curtailment and fencing of the range country the sheepman is far better able to cope with present conditions than the cattle owner. His flock is always under control dy and night, and he can hold them just where the feed is be t, moving from one place to another easily and quickly as the occasion requires. The open range business is fast disappearing, and in the evolution of things pertaining to live stock the old range methods have undergone modifications. Great areas of rich grassland, which were long supposed to be fit only for

and in the evolution of things pertaining to live stock the old range methods have undergone modifications. Great arens of rich grassland, which were long supposed to be fit only for grazing, have been torn up by the farmer's plough and appropriated by tens of thousands of misguided homesteaders. These "dry landers," as they are termed in the vernacular of the West, have planted crops year after year on the broad acres of the plains country, and a large proportion of them have reaped only rank failure. Much of the range land that has been ploughed to the plain of the projects has likewise brought forth archive. up under irrigation projects has likewise brought forth nothing

Thousands of homestead farms throughout Wyoming and Montana have been deserted, and buildings, fences and improve-ments have been left to the scant mercy of the elements and to the more rapid destruction of human agencies. Millions of acres will thus eventually be returned to the grazing of sheep and cattle; but the pity of it all lies in the fact that the



ON THE HIGH, OPEN RANGES OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

the bad, rom d a a to, he an ut d le h l.



ON THE SHEEP RANGES OF WYOMING A BAND USUALLY CONSISTS OF TWO OR THREE THOUSAND HEAD, AS IT HAS BEEN FOUND THAT ONE MAN AND HIS DOG CAN HERD THIS NUMBER TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE.



A BAND OF SHEEP LEAVING THE BED-GROUND FOR A DAY ON THE RANGE.

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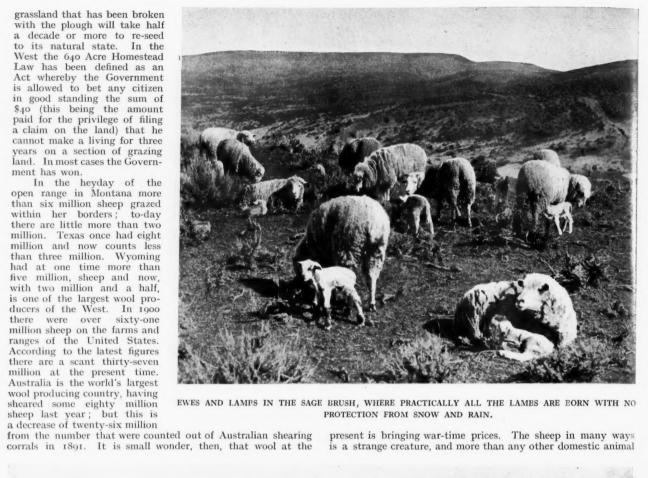
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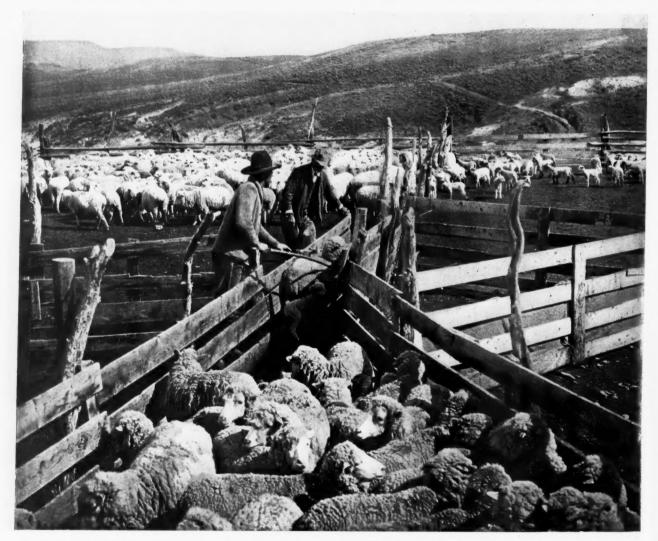
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grassland that has been broken with the plough will take half a decade or more to re-seed to its natural state. In the West the 640 Acre Homestead Law has been defined as an Act whereby the Government is allowed to bet any citizen in good standing the sum of \$40 (this being the amount paid for the privilege of filing a claim on the land) that he cannot make a living for three years on a section of grazing land. In most cases the Government has won.



 ${\tt EWES}$ and ${\tt LAMPS}$ in the sage brush, where practically all the Lambs are born with ${\tt NO}$ PROTECTION FROM SNOW AND RAIN.

present is bringing war-time prices. The sheep in many ways is a strange creature, and more than any other domestic animal



THE EWES BEFORE SHEARING ARE SEPARATED FROM THEIR LAMBS BY MEANS OF THE "DODGE GATE" SHOWN HERE.

is it susceptible to the constant control and leadership of man. Without his never-ending supervision it soon becomes a victim of the elements or of predatory animals. Thus it is that in the western range States sheep are handled in bands of 1,500 to 3,000 head, depending on the topography of the country, season of the year and other conditions. In some sections it is customary to "run" a large number of sheep in one band and to put two herders with them. It is generally conceded, however, to be better practice, for many reasons, to have the bands only as large as one man and a dog can handle. During the winter, when the sheep are being herded on the open desert anges and the ewes are all dry" (those that have no ambs), the bands comprise bout 2,500 head. In the hummer months, when every we should have a lamb, and he sheep are taken into the rough mountain country, the bands are cut down to 1,250 or 1,500 head of ewes. All is it susceptible to the constant



TEAMS HAULING WOOL OVER THE SAGE-BRUSH HILLS.

The sheep herder, like the cowpuncher, is a typical western figure, whose characteristics have been developed by his contact



BEFORE AND AFTER.



SACKING THE WOOL.

"dry" sheep are taken out of the ewe and lamb bands and are put into bands by themselves.



WAITING THEIR TURN AT A SHEARING PLANT.

with the great lone hills and the storm-filled weather of western ranges. Like the cowboy, too, he is vanishing like a mirage on the horizon, for the encroachments of civilisation are disturbing to the peaceful grazing of his "woollies." The sheep herder of the sage-brush country bears little resemblance to the shepherd of popular fancy, who, according to the poets, jauntily leads his flock with a tuneful lute or a song. The western sheep herder has found, through sad and wearing experience, that the only practical method for moving a band of sheep is by the use of one or more dogs and much profanity. profanity.

I've got one book—it's poetry—
A bunch of pretty wrongs
An Eastern lunger gave to me;
He said 'twas "shepherd songs."
But, though that poet sure is deep
And has sweet things to say,
He never seen a herd of sheep
Or smelt them, anyway.

A-a, ma-a, ba-a, eh-ch-ch, My woollies greasy gray, An awful change has hit the range Since that old poet's day. For you're just silly, on'ry brutes
And I look like distress,
And my pipe ain't the kind that And there's no "shepherdess."

GARDEN THE DECEMBER

"This is the month of sweet smells."

"This is the month of sweet smells."

N the still bright freshness of the December morning on the Riviera, the scent of flowering shrubs is specially observable. One of the sweetest and best is Buddleia auriculata, whose delicious and subtle perfume travels far and wide. The flower is not very conspicuous, but its growth and leaf are both of beauty, and its vigour is comparable with other well known buddleias, so that all garden lovers should plant it. Chimonanthus fragrans or "winter sweet" is another fragrant-flowered shrub of much distinction—curiously enough, its scent is not so subtle and does not pervade the atmosphere as Buddleia does, but it has a great charm on this coast unknown in northern gardens. It flowers with the leaves still in beauty, or just beginning to turn golden, which makes its flowering sprays a thing of beauty as well as of fragrance. There is a large-flowered

or just beginning to turn golden, which makes its flowering sprays a thing of beauty as well as of fragrance. There is a large-flowered form that is quite beautiful in colour and it seeds so freely that perhaps a still finer variety will appear. It is not a plant that strikes readily from cuttings, so seedlings are always in request. Heliotrope also is specially noticeable this month, both for its fragrance and its flower. The summer heats make it inclined to rest in dry years, and when the autumn rains are sufficiently abundant it should be at its best during this month on any sunny

wall.

No garden should be without a good hedge of sweet-scented

varieties that are desirable, it is No garden should be without a good hedge of sweet-scented geranium—there are so many varieties that are desirable, it is hard to make a choice. Some have coloured bloom of decided beauty—Chlorinda, for example, Prince of Orange and others, but all seem especially fragrant this month before the winter cold begins. I need hardly mention violets, I suppose?—and yet there are many gardens where you do not find them, as they need some shade and careful watering all summer. The florists spoil their beautiful blooms by sprinkling them with water, which quite destroys their fragrance; so one "needs must" grow them in the private garden.

The big white datura is powerfully fragrant, and in good seasons is in much beauty this month. It looks to special advantage when grown in big tubs to ornament a sunny terrace. The double white form adapts itself to culture in tubs better

The double white form adapts itself to culture in tubs better than the single form, which is more easily damaged by a strong

wind.

Freylinia cestroides is another very fragrant shrub that flowers more or less all the winter. As its name imports it is a near relative of Cestrum aurantiacum, which is much more beautiful but has no scent. It is also hardier, so that it does not require a sheltered spot, and its leaves are much smaller than Cestrum aurantiacum. A useful shrub where it can grow to a considerable size; while the beautiful Cestrum aurantiacum needs some shelter and enjoys a position that suits heliotrope.

That strong-growing, climbing dark red rose, Noëlla Nabonnand, is another specially fragrant thing at this season and is much brighter in colour now than in spring.
To me it is quite one of the "indispensables" in the winter

Turning awhile to dwarf-I urning awnie to dwarf-growing shrubs, the lovely Linum trigynum is a great pleasure at this season, with its bright green foliage and abundant clear yellow flowers. abundant clear yellow flowers. It prefers to grow in rather shaded nooks, just where at first sight you would not think of planting it. I have seen it particularly beautiful in the half shade of the pergola.

Phylica capensis is one of the prattiest of low grow.

Phylica capensis is one of the prettiest of low-growing shrubs. It looks just like a heath in its foliage, but it has tight button-like heads of small white flowers that last in beauty for many weeks, and is really a member of the great family of composites. "Bruyère du Cap" is its French name, which is very descriptive. Its hardiness is beyond reproach, and it enjoys strong calcareous soils where heaths refuse to grow. It should be clipped back of small white flowers that It should be clipped back severely in May, and it will then repay you nobly in autumn and winter with its neat foliage and pretty button-like heads of white flowers.

Agathæa hispida is another winter-flowering shrublet that enjoys the same conditions, and with its blue daisy-like heads of flower makes the most charming contrast or companion to the white phylica. Like it, it will bear clipping back in spring and is happiest on a dry bank. Unlike its near neighbour, Agathæa cœlestis, which is rather stiff in growth and shy of flower, it will tumble down a bank and cover itself with pretty blue daisy-like flowers for many months during the winter. Such plants as these are the foundation of the winter garden and should be a feature for many months. They are not mendeding stuff, but permanent ornaments that deserve culture in every garden.

Duranta Plumieri is too pretty a shrub at this season to be passed over without notice. It has bright green leaved, and most ornamental sprays of golden yellow berries which contrast with the heads of blue flower which appear at this seasor.

In warm climates this vigorous bush is used as we should us privet, as it bears clipping so well; but on this coast it is no quite so hardy as to stand an extra hard winter, so it should have a rather sheltered place. In the matter of soil it is mos accommodating.

accommodating.

Montanoa mollissima is one of the more striking Decembe shrubs that adorns the shrub garden at this season. It is of the sunflower race, but its petals are white and in large loos panicles, which top the 10ft. shoots clothed with handsome bright green foliage. It begins to flower just as the Tree Dahlia Imperialis is past its best, and can be very effective in a large loose were

Montanoa bipinnatifida is another bold flowering shrub which is at its best at Christmas. More beautiful both in flower and foliage than its near neighbour, it is by no means so hardy and is cut down to the ground in a hard winter. It succeeds best under the shelter of a palm in half shade where the soil is fertile and not too dry. It is so handsome and striking at Christmas-time that it deserves a little attention, and can be cut back severely as soon as its flowers are past. Those who do not come out till the new year miss one of the joys of the winter garden when grown to perfection. EDWARD H. WOODALL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DISAPPEARANCE OF RARE PLANTS.

SIR,—I have recently had experience of damage done to rare plants by the unchecked growth of surrounding trees and shrubs. In September, 1919, I read in the "Flora of Hampshire" that a most unusual plant was growing by Sowley Pond, not far from Lymington. This was no other than Cladium mariscus, the great "prickly twig-rush" (6ft. high), well known in the drier parts of the Cambridgeshire fenland

parts of the Cambridgeshire teniana and among the peat bogs of Cumberland. With the exception of another solitary specimen near Gosport, this was the only one of its kind in Hampshire, and had been recorded as far back as 1835 and again in 1873. On going to the spot I was delighted to find it still there, about 3oft. from the water, on the extreme edge of the surrounding dense woodland. The following August the cladium was in full bloom, and again in 1921 I found the prickly leaves crowned by several spikes of the flowers, then in seed. Each succeeding summer I have paid a visit to Sowley Pond on purpose to note this rarity; but this year a disappointment awaited me. After a long search a few stunted and half dead leaves alone marked the spot where, for nearly a century, the alien rush has held its own against its strong growing indigenous neighbours. A sturdy birch sapling now completely overshadows the "twig-rush," which only a couple of years ago still lifted its 6ft. stems above the undergrowth of brambles and shrubs. What makes regret the keener is the fact that a little knowledge and care might have preserved the plant for another century. All that was needed was the cutting back of the surrounding dense foliage which has kept off all the light, air and sunshine so necessary to the growth of this plant. Yet who but a few stray botanists know of its existence? In lonely situations such happenings must be of frequent occurrence. Were the owner of the property to be informed, where is the woodman with sufficient knowledge to find Cladium mariscus without the



AN INTERESTING GROUP OF RARE WILD PLANTS.

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Dec.

SIR,—I the Mo of Rosa Sclater Sclater

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help of someone, like myself, who knows it well. Unfortunately, I am now too far away to be of help.

On its native soil the "twig-rush" is a conspicuous object—far exceeding in growth the surrounding vegetation. The accompanying photograph shows a flowering spike nearly 12ins. in length. The long, narrow leaves resemble those of the common flag iris, but may always be known by their rough serrated edges.

Another rare plant shown in the same picture is the Carex limosa, or mud sedge, which is local in Britian and grows chiefly in the North, but has been found in Hampshire and the adjoining county of Dorset. A spike of the purple molinia grass and some meadowsweet (Spiræa Ulmaria) complete an interesting group of plants.—E. M. Harting.

CHINESE ROSES.

Sir,—I have read with much pleasure Mr. E. H. Wilson's "Story of the Modern Rose." It may be of interest to state that a descendant of Rosa chinensis var. semperflorens, imported in 1789 by Mr. Gilbert Sclater, still flourishes in the garden of my uncle, the Rev. Francis Sclater at Newick Park, Sussex. It was brought in the early part

of the last century to Newich by my great-grandfather, James Henry Sclater, son of Gilbert, from Leyton House, Essex, who died there October 30th, 1793, aged forty, and is buried at Hendon. He was an East India merchant, "by which"—as stated in his obituary notice in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. 63—"he acquired a large fortune which he applied to botanical purposes, having two persons collecting for him in the East Indies at the expense of £500 a year." One would like to know the names of these collectors, and what other plants were introduced by them; also, whether the house and garden at Knots Green still exists, and if any of the original importations flourish there? Another importation also at Newick Park is Rosa lævigata var. magna. Some cuttings of this from a garden at Abbottabad were sent, about thirty years ago, by my aunt, Mrs. R. Gartside-Tipping. One of these covers a large part of the house at my old home, Butts Hill, Kingswear, Devon. There must be others in the West of England, as my father gave plants to his friends and also to some of the nurserymen in the West Country. This rose differs from Rosa lævigata only in the size of its flowers, viz., 6ins. in favourable seasons. Presumably, it was brought from China to India, and the increased size is the result of cultivation in India.—Kington Baker.

NETTING SPEY THE

HE Spey is swiftest of all Scottish rivers. Rising above

HE Spey is swiftest of all Scottish rivers. Rising above Loch Spey near the western seaboard it hurries east through romantic Badenoch, where the chieftain of the MacPhersons still holds his castle, and past pine-clad Rothiemurchus, where the Wolf of Badenoch issued fi m his island fortress on many a wild foray. Speeding eastwird through the strath that bears its name, the Spey enters with the waters of the Moray Firth a few miles below Gordon Castle, the waters of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

Annually in early winter the Spey is netted over the last miles of its course. The salmon that are ready or almost reddy for a spawning are taken at once to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's hatcheries. The ova are carefully tended, and the young salmon, when sufficiently grown, are transferred to the river. This "hand rearing" of the young fish shields them from the attacks of enemies, such as goosanders, mergansers and the larger gulls, which under natural conditions prey heavily upon the smolts. The ova, too, are preserved from the brown thout and other fish and birds that feed greedily upon them; and the stock of salmon in the river is thus maintained.

The netting is done by the duke, who takes a keen interest in the operations, and a representative of the Scottish Board of Fisheries is usually present. Kelts (spawned salmon) and clean fish he marks in a manner described below in order that more may be learnt of the life history of the species. A number of these marked fish are subsequently caught with the rod or in the net; but perhaps the most interesting result of the investigations has been to show that only one in every two hundred male kelts ever ascends the rivers a second time. Two flat-bottomed boats are carted up the river for the netting. One holds the net, the other a large watertight wooden box with hand-pump attached. Into this box the "ripe" fish are carefully placed and subsequently transferred to a motor car waiting on the river bank for their conveyance to the hatcheries. A number of men are em placed and subsequently transferred to a motor car waiting on the river bank for their conveyance to the hatcheries. A number of men are employed in the netting operations. Some of them are veterans who for scores of years as net fishermen have gathered a harvest from Spey. Delightfully characteristic is each man, knowing his job thoroughly, taking his time, and refusing to be rushed or flustered even during the most intense and exciting moments.

It was a crisp winter's morning on Spey when the first sweep of the net was made. A small body of interested spectators were present, among them the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. The pool was a likely one that in past years had yielded great hauls of salmon, but on this occasion the results were disappointing, and subsequently, through the afternoon, pool after pool was drawn blank. Even the ubiquitous kelt was absent, and at the close of the day it was agreed that never had the first day's netting yielded such meagre results. In the evening, when the experts were gathered round the fire, there was much when the experts were gathered round the fire, there was much interesting conversation regarding the salmon and its life history, and the vagaries of the early run of so-called "spring," but in reality winter, salmon were discussed. A number of these fish are usually caught during the late November netting operations on Spey and, since they do not spawn until the autumn of the subsequent year, it is remarkable that they should leave the warmth of the sea, with its plentiful supply of food, for the icy rivers where they spend their cheerless winter.

It might be thought that this early run of fish press upwards to the head waters of the stream, yet such is not the case. An interesting event in the angling world was the capture on March 31st of a clean salmon in the very same pool in which it was marked during the last days of November! Another is sh, marked at the same time, was caught six months later the Eden, near Carlisle, a distance round the North of Scotland

the Eden, near Carlisle, a distance round the North of Scotland some six hundred miles! No wonder that this salmon when the the second time was reported to be "rather thin"! nother record of a remarkable journey was the travels of a ilse. This fish was marked off Brora, and was taken at Aberdeen st seven days later, having travelled at a rate of some thirty-e miles a day! An interesting account, too, was given of

two male kelt salmon taken at a single haul by a trawler ten miles off the Aberdeen coast. Although these fish had returned safely to the sea they had not commenced to feed, and were thin and red as when they left the river.

The second day's netting of Spey commenced at Fochabers Bridge and yielded altogether ten salmon for the hatcheries—

an unusually poor result, but much better than that of the opening day. The weather was mild and the temperature of the river

day. The weather was mild and the temperature of the river much above the average. This, coupled with two slight "freshets" during the past three days, may have urged the clean salmon and those ripe for spawning to move farther up the river, while causing the kelts to drop back to the sea.

The first haul of the nets yielded a fine hen salmon of 15 lb. Although an autumn fish, she was still firm and silvery, and a long way off spawning, so she was returned to the water almost as full of fight as when she left it. Two small hen kelts of 4 lb. and 6 lb. were taken at the same haul. One was as ugly a fish as could be imagined—red and spotted and of dirty appearance—the other a very thin but silvery lady. The first was a summer the other a very thin but silvery lady. The first was a summer or early autumn fish, the second a spring fish that had perhaps spawned a month or six weeks ago in the Truim or other head

stream of the Spey, and was on her way to the sea.

Each kelt or clean run salmon is on these occasions carefully measured, weighed and marked by Mr. Menzies of the Scottish Fishery Board. An aluminium identification mark bearing a number is then fastened to the base of the dorsal fin by two thin wires, a few scales are rubbed off its side for microscopical examination, and the fish is then returned to the river little the worse for its treatment.

After each pool in turn had been netted the boats drifted down-stream on the swift current. It is a fascinating experience to be borne irresistibly down the Spey, over narrow rapids where the waves rise menacingly to meet the boat and where it is steered clear of some sunken rock, that would mean disaster, only for the skilled efforts of the two oarsmen. Often the boat only for the skilled efforts of the two oarsmen. Often the boat on its downward passage grounds fast in some quick-flowing but very shallow "rush," and then the wadered crew leap out and urge the craft forward with their hands. Swiftly we shot past the Cumberland Ford, where the Duke of Cumberland crossed immediately before the Battle of Culloden, and shot our net in the pool that lies below it.

At last the net showed the presence of fish, and large ones, too. They dashed wildly up and down their prison, seeking to bore their way through and not realising that a clean, strong spring through the air would set them at liberty. Two of the captives were cock salmon of great depth and size. The first

spring through the air would set them at liberty. Two of the captives were cock salmon of great depth and size. The first weighed 35lb., the second no less than 38lb. They were a magnificent pair: and how they would have fought at the end of a rod and line even though they had been in the river some time and had assumed the copper-coloured dress of spawning! One of these fish was taken for the hatcheries; the other was returned to the water, for only a very few cocks are required to fertilise the ova in its artificial surroundings. Big male salmon are easily exhausted. These veterans, which had probably spent four consecutive years in the sea without approaching fresh water, lay gasping on their sides. It was necessary therefore, in the case of the fish that was retained, to keep the hand pump going in order that the water of the box should be well aerated, and pailfuls of fresh, air-filled water were also poured over the big fellow to revive him. The hen fish was 25lb. weight and was The hen fish was 25lb. weight and was big fellow to revive him. almost ripe for spawning.

almost ripe for spawning.

But our success was transitory, and time and again the net was drawn in containing not fish, but branches, pieces of wire netting, roots, and once a woman's corset! The monotony was broken by an occasional small kelt showing upon its back and fins fungoid-like patches, in reality the marks of an encounter with a rival. Once a hen kelt sea trout was landed, a thin silvery speckled fish of about three pounds.

During the luncheon interval, when the "dram" had been passed round and the men sitting in the shelter of the alder

passed round and the men sitting in the shelter of the alder bushes were quietly smoking the pipe of peace, the conversation

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turned on that ever-green subject among fishermen, the feeding of salmon in fresh water. A man of considerable experience gave two interesting cases in support of the theory that they do certainly at times feed in the river. Once, when standing at the water's edge, he noticed a black beetle crawling up his leg. Flicking it off him into the stream he saw a salmon almost at once rise and suck down the beetle. On other occasions he had for hours watched from a high bridge many salmon lying idly on the bottom of the pool beneath, and had seen them rise to the surface and suck down a floating fly. The daylight in November soon wanes, and there was little of

interest to chronicle that afternoon except the landing, just before dusk of a beautiful clean hen salmon of 23½lb. She was bright dusk, of a beautiful clean hen salmon of 23½lb. She was bright as a silver bar and, after being measured, weighed and marked

as a silver bar and, after being measured, weighed and marked, all under strong protest, was returned to her native element.

As we left Spey dusk was falling, but many birds were passing above the river. A flock of curlew gleamed silvery an instant as they caught the failing light; lapwings wheeled and swerved uncertainly as they saw unexpected human forms by the water; and, so high as to be followed with difficulty, a flock of golden plover sped with swift wing thrust towards the grey waters of the Moray Firth.

Seton Gordon.

GARDEN ALL GLADNESS THE OF

OF JAMMU AND KASHMIR. GARDEN OF THE MAHARAJAH

ASHMIR! Whatever damage has been done to this

ASHMIR! Whatever damage has been done to this most lovely country by the vulgarity of "Progress," the Shalimar and Nishat gardens, on the shores of the Dal Lake, were never more beautiful than to-day. If this consoling fact is but a manifestation of an increasing tendency throughout civilisation to keep beauty in parks and reservations (as animals in "zoos") and chase it from the countryside, that need not detain us here.

When I visited Nishat and Shalimar in the last week of September of this year twelve years had elapsed since last I saw them—twelve years whose centre was the war. Things noticed on the way up to Srinagar and its vicinity—scorching motorists, hideous lorries, goggled motor cyclists, acres of tin roofing in place of the old turf and wood, preposterous villas newly erected round the Dal, the "reclamation" of the lake itself—all these had made me fear for those æsthetic shrines which Jehangir and his kindred fashioned long ago, and which have ever since been treasured. But my fears proved groundless.

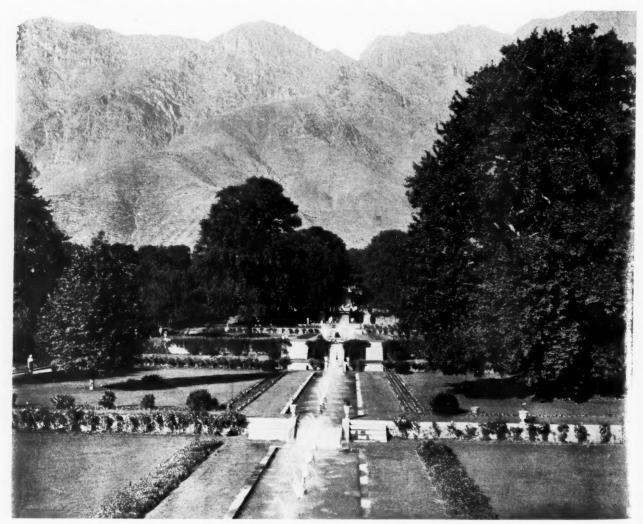
I saw the Nishat first, the "Garden of all Gladness," going out to it across the lake in a shikara, the same graceful craft one used to know so well, with the same rhythmic thrust of paddles to the same old chant. Dragon-flies poised and darted as of old above lotus leaves on the same crystal waters, and round

the margin of the lake were mirrored the same unalterable h ls. There is no need to describe the details of a Mughal garde —

the margin of the lake were mirrored the same unalterable hels. There is no need to describe the details of a Mughal garde—its watercourses, fountains and cascades, its terraces, cypreses and blaze of flowers, its pavilions of carved and tinted wood, the admirable symmetry of its design. There is no use, eitler, in attempting it. To those who have not seen, description were unavailing: to such as have, a line—a word—may by some chance recall this fairest memory of their lives.

The approach by water to Nishát leads in under colossal plane trees, which in late September were just beginning to be touched to flame and scarlet. We disembarked at a flight of worn stone steps. Before us was the front wall of the garden—old brick surmounted by stone coping—and a further flight of steps led to the entrance door of coloured woodwork. The wall went round the entire garden, which was rectangular in shape and rose in terraces against the hills. Along its length was a marble waterway, down which the water flowed, forming cascades between the terraces, and spaced with plashing fountains.

Talk of "a feast of beauty"—it is here! It is in all this Kashmir scene. But the flowers epitomise it, focus it, distill it into colour. That it was so in the days of Jehangir as well, we know, for we read of the thirty-two varieties of tulips which used to glorify these flower-beds in the spring. Of later years there



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there seems to have come a lapse which only has been remedied to-

there seems to have come a lapse which only has been remedied to-day. It is to the credit of to-day that Nishát's splendour is supreme. There were long, straight borders, this September evening, striped in two colours, pale pink of balsam and brilliant scarlet salvia, and backed by tall cosmos and multi-coloured zinnias. There were beds of marigolds and hedges of mauve and white hibiscus. Clumps of flaming cannas were dotted along the borders. (In a patch of "wild garden," in an angle of the wall, I saw a tangle of Persian lilac bushes; and, oh! how mind and heart went back to a spring day twelve long years ago. The lilac was in bloom then

lilac was in bloom then . . .)

The day of our visit was a holiday, which accounted for the playing fountains. It also meant that the quiet Kashmiri holiday-makers were wearing their festal pagris, and the colours of these blended with the hues of the thronging flowers.

We strolled from one broad turf-clad terrace to the other, the true of the highest wheet where steed a mouldaring pagilion.

We strolled from one broad turf-clad terrace to the other, and at the top of the highest, where stood a mouldering pavilion in perpetual shade, we looked over the wall that bounds the garden and saw how the rugged hill that backs it comes abruptly down to the very edge of all that beauty.

Day faded quickly, but not the enchantment. The poignancy of more than evening came upon the garden, dogging our footens ps to and fro—poignancy and a great stillness. . . . This Nishát Bagh—is it the garden of all gladness?

For a long time we continued to pace, without talking, e sward beneath those trees—trees to which mystic meanings are attached by the Mughal priests; and turning finally, as e light grew dim, we watched the sunset-glow across the lake, sweep of crimson over silent waters.

P. R. Butler.

THE W. H. HUDSON MEMORIAL FUND

S several contributors to the fund have written to say that A their first letter, addressed to the Treasurer, was returned through the post, it may be as well to state that subscripons and communications should be addressed to COUNTRY IFF, Ltd., 20, Tavistock Street, W.C.2, or to Hugh Dent, Esq., Iddine House, Bedford Row, W.C.2.

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AGRICULTURAL NOTES

FAT BEASTS AT SMITHFIELD.

HE Christmas shows of livestock afford absolute proof that the upset of the war has now passed and the work of feeding and fattening animals is being done as well as before the war. It is a very good sign that the number of entries have very considerably increased. Those for Smithfield this year are the highest recorded except in the case of sheep, and the falling off there is only apparent, not real. It is due to the fact that, acting on the principle of affording encouragement to early maturity, the wether classes are ruled out and are being replaced next year by entries of ewe lambs.

falling off there is only apparent, not real. It is due to the fact time, acting on the principle of affording encouragement to early maturity, the wether classes are ruled out and are being replaced next year by entries of ewe lambs.

In its array of livestock the exhibition proved that the cattle-feeding farmer has got back into his stride. The Show is one of the best held for many years. At Smithfield the judges showed their usual independence of the verdicts at Birmingham, Norwich and Edinburgh shows. Mr. J. J. Cridlan carried off the highest honour, the Champion Plate for the best beast in the Show, with Prince George of Maisemore, thereby giving another illustration of the excellence of the Aberdeen-Angus breed for beef-producing properties. Lord Durham came to the front as winner of the Silver Cup for the best young steer and a similar trophy for the best young heifer, which also was awarded the Silver Cup for the best beyong heifer, which also was awarded the Silver Cup for the best poung from the Bate of Course, in addition to the Plate, won the Gold Medal to the breeder and the King's Challenge Cup for the best beast in the Show. Sir J. Gilmour carried off the Champion Plate for the best pen of long-woolled sheep and the Gold Medal to the breeder. The Champion Plate for the best pen of short-woolled sheep was won by Messrs. G. and R. Findlater, the runners up being the executors of Sir E. Cassel. Mr. J. G. Yandle won the Champion Plate for the best pen of Welsh Mountian, Exmoor and Herdwicke breeds. The pig championships were divided between Mr. E. Wherry and Major Morrison, Mr. Wherry the winner and Major Morrison the runner-up for the £20 cup. Their position was reversed in the Champion Plate for the best single pig.

The King scored as consistently at Smithfield as he had done at the preceding shows. Sir Hugo, the splendid Hereford steer which won the breed cup at Birmingham, did so again at Smithfield. The Sandringham Red Polls won one first, three seconds and a fourth prize. The Highland cattle t

MACHINERY AT THE SMITHFIELD SHOW.

The prospect of real encouragement for farmers who are willing to increase the acreage which they have under the plough had the inevitable effect of directing attention of visitors to the Smithfield Show to the machinery stands, for there are few farmers to-day who do not recognise that, if they are to develop the arable side of farming, then they must have machinery, not merely machinery which can be used directly for tilling and cultivating, but machinery of all kinds, on the principle that by saving labour in one direction they are able to release it in another, and thus provide against the increased labour requirements which are involved when the proportion of arable to grass is increased.

It was apparent, however, at Smithfield this week, that the manu-

grass is increased.

It was apparent, however, at Smithfield this week, that the manufacturers of machinery are not yet alive to this aspect of the matter. No doubt, like the farmers, they are suffering from a surfeit of unredeemed promises, and are inclined to await developments. There were, however, one or two new examples of the application of machinery to the uses of the farmer which are worthy of more than passing mention. It is rather significant, however, to note that the most interesting of these new machines is the one which is least directly applicable to the problems of increasing the acreage under the plough. I am referring to the rather ingenious implement called a Grass Rejuvenator, the use of which aerates the grassland by severing the matted fibrous roots of the turf. It is particularly useful for improving old pastures.

There does not appear to be very much activity among manufacturers of tractors. One maker has re-designed his three models, enclosing the gearing and slightly increasing the power of the engine, as well as effecting detail improvement throughout. He is apparently preparing for anticipated developments. There does appear to be a tendency to attack greater importance to the need for making the tractor an all-round help to the farmer. One manufacturer showed a tractor equipped with rubber-tyred wheels, evidently intended to be interchangeable with those used when the machine was in the field. A trailer of special design was shown on the same stand, and the idea is evidently that the scope of the usefulness of the tractor should extend by making use of it for carting purposes as well as for tillage.

extend by making use of it for earting partial partial

of the engine is totally enclosed, and lubricated under pressure. It appeared to be a considerable advance on existing machinery of this

appeared to be a considerable advance on existing machinery of this type.

Cold starting engines which only came into the practical stage a few years ago are rapidly gaining in popularity, and the one or two firms who tackled this problem in earnest at that time are now emphasising their success by exhibiting a variety of types at the Show. A typical example, on one stall, was a 1,700 gallon class pumping plant, a very compact combination of a petrol-paraffin engine and vertical single ram pump, gear driven.

Dairy farmers will have examined with interest the new types of sheet-metal ware on one stand. All the pails and pans are made from single sheets of material, spun to shape, and completed without weld or join, a feature which is of extreme importance when dealing with milk and milk products, since it ensures that the utensils concerned can be cleaned with a minimum of trouble and a maximum of efficiency.

THE FAT STOCK AT EDINBURGH.

The Fat Stock Show at Edinburgh achieved a success this year that The Fat Stock Show at Edinburgh achieved a success this year that compensated in some degree for last year's misfortune when foot-and-mouth caused the exhibition to be missed. The entries this year were a good hundred larger than in 1922, when the show was last held, there being 876 entries as compared with 748, and in 1920 and 1921, 681 and 610 respectively. The championship was won by Mr. Alexander Reid with a cross-bred heifer, three crosses of Aberdeen-Angus to one of shorthorn. She had everything in her favour except weight, which was only 10cwt. 55lb. at a year and seven months. That must have been a handicap for judges who pride themselves as acting for a fat stock club which aims at "the profitable breeding and feeding of stock for the requirements of the public." There was a very keen contest between a steer shown by Lord Rosebery and one from the Home Farm of the Prince of Wales, a fact which caused the meeting of the two at Smithfield to be looked forward to with interest. The King was very successful with his exhibits. The Highlanders from Sandringham did very well indeed; the ox was first and reserve for the gold medal, and the heifer second. The sheep at Edinburgh are always good, and this year was no exception. The champion cup for the best pen of sheep in the show went to Messrs. G. and R. Findlater for a pen of three Cheviot wedders. Lord Rosebery sent from the Dalmeny Home Farm a pen of three lambs by a Suffolk tup out of a Cheviot ewe, which came first in the class. The show of pigs was also very good, the chief prize-winners being Mr. W. D. Telfer of Montrose, Lord Rosebery and Mr. William Newbigging.

THE EX-SECRETARY OF THE DAIRY SHORTHORN ASSOCIATION.

A movement is on foot to make a presentation to Mr. H. J. Ti'lly, who wing to the pressure of other business, is resigning the secretarysho of the Dairy Shorthorn Association. Those interested in the bread will not need to be told that during the thirteen years in which he has been secretary, Mr. Tilly has done yeoman service, as might be guess of from the fact that the association had only one hundred and fifty mentabers when he started and to-day the numbers exceed twelve hundre. The Year Book has been improved at each annual output, and from the beginning had a usefulness which has turned into a necessity to all owners of dairy shorthorns. Contributions should be sent to the new secretary, Mr. Arthur Furneaux, at 3, Bedford Square, London.

PORTRAIT EDWARD \mathbf{OF}

HE early chapters of English portraiture have as yet been so little explored that to attribute any existing been so little explored that to attribute any existing work to a painter, known usually only by name, is almost impossible. Until recently this difficulty was evaded by the delightfully simple practice of calling every English portrait painted prior to the accession of the Stuarts a Holbein, regardless of the fact that Holbein's residence in this country was of comparatively short duration and that much of his time must have been occupied by the large decorations he is known to have executed, all of which have perished. We know, however, that during the last years of his life he employed a band of assistants or pupils, who continued to work in his style after his death. It is to these painters, therefore, that most of these late Tudor portraits must be ascribed. Yet, while the works of Holbein have been studied and analysed, so that the distinguishing features of his style are sufficiently clearly understood to make the use of his name as a generic title for a whole century of portrait painters no longer tenable, little attempt has been made to distinguish the individualities of his contemporaries.

dualities of his contemporaries.

We have, on the one hand,
a considerable amount of docua considerable amount of docu-mentary evidence giving the names and a few facts concern-ing the lives of several painters, and on, the other hand, a vast number of portraits scattered all over the country in the Royal collections, in the houses of almost every old family, and in many public galleries. But in many public galleries. But to connect with any degree of certainty the portraits with the artists' names is a task yet to artists' r be done.

Every portrait that emerges into the market from the privacy of a family collection may add link in the chain of evidence that helps to reconstruct a half-forgotten artist's person-ality, and, as in the case of the portrait of Edward VI which we reproduce, may throw fresh light on the excellence of the work done even by lesser men than Holbein. This por-trait, now in the hands of Messrs. Spink, has for many Messra. Spink, has for many generations been in the possession of an old Yorkshire family, and, according to tradition, was once in the house of Nell Gwynn, which seems to point to the fact that it remained in the Royal collection till the reign of Charles II, who probably gave it to his favourite. It is traditionally attributed to traditionally attributed to Guillim Stretes, a Dutchman, who may possibly have been a pupil of Holbein's, though no

direct evidence of this exists. In 1546 we hear of him for the first time as engaged on a portrait of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. Later, in the reign of Edward VI, he became "the most esteemed and best paid" artist in the country, and received the appointment of Painter to the King with a salary of £6z 10s. He is known to have painted many portraits of the young King, several of which were sent to English ambassadors at the various foreign Courts; but not one of these can now be identified, as none of the existing portraits of Edward VI bear the signature of Stretes. In all probability, however, an excellent painting like the present one would be the work of the principal Court painter.

But the painter is of less importance than the painting, which represents the young monarch with something of the dignity of a man, yet with all the roundness of feature and fresh complexion of a boy. The King is richly attired in a gold embroidered doublet, a bejewelled velvet mantle and the usual black cap with a white feather, yet all the carefully executed detail of the dress does not attract attention at the expense of the head, as is the case in so many contemporary portraits.

many contemporary portraits. This is so strongly modelled as to appear almost ahead of the times yet holds its position in to appear almost ahead of the times, yet holds its position in the decorative effect of the whole most admirably. Few monarchs have been so frequently painted in so short a time as Edward VI. Literally at every stage of his career, from his cradle to his grave, this or that artist was busied in recording his features. The present portrait must have been painted at the age of about thirteen, some years before his death, for there is as yet no death, for there is as yet no trace of that weary look in the long, thin head which marks

long, thin head the last portraits. The robust and healthy frankness with which the noble bearing of the sitter is here combined with perfect simplicity of pose is in marked contrast to the mannerisms of hear seventeeth. later seventeenth century painters. An interesting comparison can be made between this portrait and one of Sir Richard Myddelton of Chirk Castle by Lely, also in the possession of Messrs. Spink. In each case the subject is a boy and the painter a man of talent working in the manner of a greater artist; but the Lely is lifeless and tiresome in its search after elegance, the por-trait of Edward VI is full of vigour, perhaps one of the most vital portraits of the King in existence. M. Chamot.



EDWARD VI AT ABOUT THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE. Attributed to Guillim Stretes.

FRUIT-GI

Dec. 13

Sir,—If the Life on the making envation in the firstly, that fruit, and British fruit and British fruit. The standard and the last testandard and Agricult Experience entirely dexpotentially dexpotentia trace f Br is, c as a char-whice ter. mig bei

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CORRESPONDENCE

FRUIT-GROWING IN THIS COUNTRY.

To the Editors.

Sir,—If the writer of the letter to Country Life on this subject had spent a short time in making enquiries as to the state of fruit cultivation in this country he would have found—firstly, that there is an export trade of British fruit, and secondly, that some varieties of British fruit fetch a higher price than foreign. Had he also had some business experience he would not have suggested that an export trade could be built up on gluts. He is apparently quite unaware of the work that has been done the last ten years in attempting to provide a standard article, and the part which the Ministry of Agriculture is already playing in this intent. Experience in all countries shows that it is an entirely different problem to standardise an export commodity and to do the same for the home trade. With regard to the softness of skin of British fruit this entirely depends upon the trade. The fruit we receive from abroad is, o course, of a type suitable for export, but as a general rule quality does not follow this charter. We have many varieties in England whice might easily be sent round the world sevent times, but whether they are worth eatin before or after this journey is quite anotor question. Fruit growers are not sitting down, philosophically or otherwise, and in the properties of the future of British fruit.—Edward A. I. NYARD.

"THE POACHER."

"THE POACHER."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR, -I lately wrote the following missing-word competition for the benefit of the Avon Valley Contades Club:

Consades Club:

"THE POACHER."

"'Hang this mono....!' said my
....by friend Tom to me as wedled
over a fire when on a fishing holiday.' ...ing
is a dull game. Excitements co... sport
of this sort!' We looked out at the river.
There was aing where we had the
right, as if the was his! 'I should like
toh him!' said our visitor Mr ...;

'...er there till I knock away his!' said I. He danger somehow, and st.....ing along the bank, heted the high reeds to conc.... him in case we should app.... But wes to hide us, so we stalked him. Infortunately we were so tic.... that he heard us, s....ing with laughter because I am rather a at using the s.....y end of my fly-rod. The prospect looked rather for our victim. I had spotted who he was, a snar...... in cheapcritic, with no good word for anybody. Alas! he was too for us. I did so want to hammer into hisnow-ledgement of his poaching! '....e this beautiful scene with they hue of gore?' said Tom. 'We mus.... him out somehow!' said I. 'Someome keeper will catch him and him, I hope!' said Tom. I feared that he wa.....ening to our remarks, and somehow he escaped us. Nothing now marks the spot but some of his horrid and some red sticks where we were able to ven fish that he dropped because the strap of his bag was We went home and dined under thes, finishing the evening with some good port (a bet....tle than usual) improved by walnutds, etc."

DIRECTIONS.—Every SIX DOTS represent the name of a fish, not necessarily of different fish. Correct spelling is not always followed.

different Jish. Correct spelling is not always 'followed.

One shilling was charged as an entrance fee, and two shillings for copies of the correct solution. Prizes were provided, and these are now being distributed. The first two (bracketted with four mistakes each), were Mr. H. Plunket Greene, author of that charming book, "Where the Bright Waters Meet," which has given so much pleasure to fly-fishers, and Miss Mary Deedes. I may add that, in setting the problem, I relied only upon my own memory of the names of fishes, with some little help from the index of "Fishing" (two vols.) in the COUNTRY LIFE Library of Sport, that I have seen, either alive or on fishmongers' slabs, all but three of the fishes mentioned, and that no shellfish are included. The Avon Valley Comrades' Club is a men's village club for seven small villages, situated in two large parishes. Its funds support village cricket and football, whist drives and dances, and a clubhouse with

bagatelle, library, etc., kept open in the evenings in the winter months. It is nearly self-supporting. As Hon. Treasurer I hope that it soon will be, but some outside help is wanted at present. Therefore, in the hope that readers of COUNTRY LIFE may find as much pleasure as the original competitors did in trying to solve the puzzle, I should be glad to send the correct solution to anyone who sends me a stamped addressed envelope and one shilling, which will be presented, without any deduction for expenses, to the same Village Club.—George Southcote, c/o "Country Life."

THE BELLS AT ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Jerram's letter in Country Life of November 22nd about the bells at St. Michael's Mount, it may interest him to know that they were put in order, and re-hung, in 1906.—St. Levan.

CHURCH BELLS AND A DERBY WINNER TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—The interesting statement was made a week or two back that on Blair Athol's Derby Day the church bells were rung at Middleham. Should this not be Malton, where Blair Athol, like his mother before him, was trained by his owner, William l'Anson? There are, however, doubtless a good many other instances. Dr. Haig-Brown—the great headmaster—one of my predecessors in office here at the Charterhouse, often told me how, when he was living at Richmond (Yorkshire), in Voltigeur's year, there was a strained feeling between parson and parishioners because the parson refused to ring the church bells when Voltigeur won the St. Leger. I think, too, that Newmarket years ago had its experiences in that direction.—Gerald S. Davies.

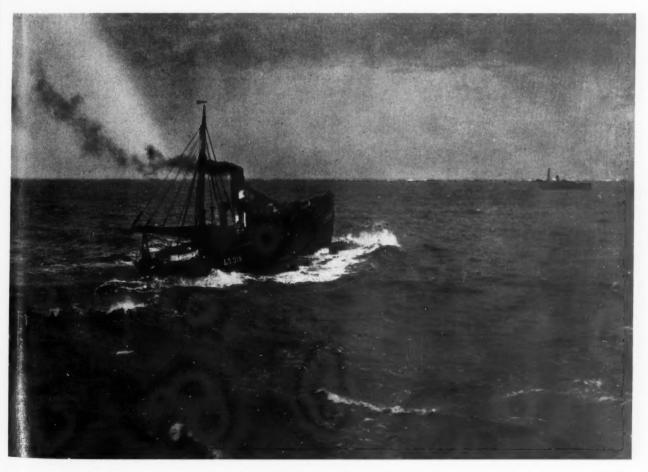
A RAINBOW AT SEA.

TO THE EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—I send you a photograph of a rainbow. A heavy squall was clearing off, when through the dark clouds streamed a bright ray of midday winter sunshine. The result was instantly to produce an extremely bright rainbow, the best I have ever seen.

—S. V. WATERS.



WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.

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IN THE COTSWOLDS. TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a picture I took when passing through the old village of Naunton in the Cotswolds. I was watching a sheepdog with much interest on the hills near me, and when the shepherd came into the village I asked for a snapshot. At a word of command the dog took up his position on a wall as if he knew exactly what was wanted of him. I hope your readers may enjoy the little scene.—X.

"AN HEREDITARY LOVER OF BALL GAMES."

TO THE EDITOR.

GAMES."

To the Editor.

Sir,—My attention has been drawn to-day to your correspondent's delightful photograph of the jumping wire-haired terrier, and you request that other readers should give instances of their dogs' "inheritance of an acquired characteristic." I can go one better, and describe that of a kitten. Much as I love cats, I have never thought them on the same plane as dogs intellectually. But I once possessed a half-Persian of small intelligence, which, however, was devoted to running across a large room with a parquet floor after paper balls (half-sheets crumpled up roughly), though I could never teach her to retrieve them without fail. Yet her kitten—which had never seen his mother play the game, as we parted from her when he was six weeks old—not only ran after paper balls as soon as he could get beyond a stagger, but brought them back to the hand that threw them without once making a mistake—moreover, without ever being taught to do so. He, too, went one better, I think. I have heard many times of this gift in cats, but this example is the most outstanding in my own experience, and it was surprising to witness the unhesitating return of the small kitten across the long room to the thrower of the ball without having even seen my attempts to teach his mother the trick.—MAUD NEPEAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—I read with interest the account of the dogs which played so much with a ball. It know a wire-haired terrier whose greatest joy is a game with a ball. He will play alone with it, but prefers a human companion, when he can then play hide and seek. He catches most accurately either off a wall or ceiling, and does not funk when the ball is thrown directly at him. His mother, now dead, which lived with us for three or four years, played in just the same way, though I think she was quicker than her son, till old age affected her movements.—M. M. Paul.

SWALLOWS IN NOVEMBER.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Owing to the mildness of the season, reports come in of single or pairs of swallows having been seen in different parts of England during the first week in November, as many as six being seen together in Cornwall. On November 14th several pairs were flying over the pool on Tresco, one of the Isles of Scilly, more than double the number that were seen on any one day during the past summer. Although we searched very well for their nests, we only found seven all told during the summer in Scilly and some of these were on uninhabited islands.—H. W. Robinson.



SITTING FOR HIS PORTRAIT.

THE OLD PONY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a very old pony with a most remarkably hollow back. Perhaps you would like to publish this in your paper. The pony is dead and belonged to a small holder on my estate (Fetteresso). The pony was between thirty and forty years old.

able to detect snakes or scorpions by his keen sense of smell. You may go for a walk with him, selecting the route wherever your fancy may take you, it makes no difference to him. He will march off, carrying a long staff, chanting a sort of incantation in Arabic as he goes. He will probably find several scorpions and two or three grass snakes in quite a short time. Sometimes there will be larger "game." The pictures show him tackling a 6ft. cobra, which he found in the fibrous roots of a palm tree. When he pulled it out by the tail and threw it into the open, it showed fight distending its hood and causing everyors but the Sheikh to give it a wide berth. He soon persuaded it, by some uncanny mean, to come to him and place its head in his hand. Afterwards it coiled itself around his neck, quite docile. The Sheikh also claims to be immune from snake-bites.—H. E. HEDG S.

SOME QUEER STOWAWAYS.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Not all stowaways are human ones Frequently some very strange creatures reach lands remote from their native homes hidden among fruit and other merchandise. Not long ago I was shown a swarm of ants, chaely related to the foraging ants (genus Eciton) of the Amazons, which, concealed among bananas, had been brought all the way from the West Indies to a fruiterer's shop in a well known town in the English Midlands. Some of these insects were winged. All were in good condition. When offered one's finger-tip they bit quite savagely and strongly enough to be felt. Now and again such comparatively large animals as opossums are discovered



JAM VENIET TACITO CURVA SENECTA PEDE.

and his owner a year or two ago told me that "the shelt is no longer as fleet as he was."—R. W. Duff.

TAMING A COBRA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you two photographs from Luxor. If he is fortunate, the visitor may enjoy a fascinating entertainment by Sheikh Osman, the snake-finder. Sheikh Osman is



SHEIKH OSMAN, THE SNAKE-FINDER.

curva senecta pede.

among bananas. There is a specimen in the Western Park Museum, Sheffield, which was obtained in this manner. Some time ago an example of the rare Murine opossum was brought to light by a man who was unpacking bananas on the premises of certain fruit importers at Stroud Green. The consignment in which this rarity was found had come from British Honduras. This opossum was size, but, as it bit the hand of its discoverer severely, it was killed immediately. Its dead bod taken to the Zoological Gardens, Repark. The authorities wished it had alive. Only a few months ago a fine mon was found in a crate of bananas at the Hasing Railway Station. This animal (which come from Jamaica), though in a famon to resistance, and was slain by a blow from finder's foot. How had it lived during the woyage? Perhaps it had taken toll or rats lurking in the hold of the ship in it had travelled. On another occasion wampire bats were found aboard a steamer from South America. This was making a trip with cattle, and it was excited behaviour of the animals at that led to the detection of the bats. At length one of the officers found a van with its teeth fastened in the flesh of a trem beast and, after further search, four individuals of the blood-sucking horder. with its teeth fastened in the flesh of a trembeast and, after further search, four individuals of the blood-sucking hordediscovered. About a couple of years ago "Zoo" authorities received a boa construction of moderate size which had been found crate of bananas. Other interesting create brought over in this way are lizards of var species, bird-eating spiders, scorpions beetles.—CLIFFORD W. GREATOREX.

1924.

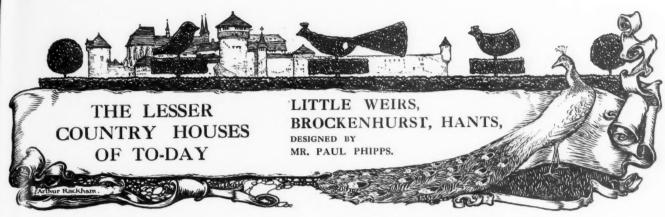
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T has recently been said by an observant critic that a "period" house is a grave misdemeanour. This is true in great measure; nevertheless, the assertion may be comated. Considered as a work of art, mere duplication must be considered as dead as mutton. The same time, in house design, one has merally to make some sort of compromise tween the resuscitation of an architectural arpse and the creation of some new living thing. Theory, no good case can be made out for the aplicator, pure and unalloyed; but actually practice we seem to like most the things which call something that has been done in years one by, rather than something strangely new. In architecture, as in furniture design, it is a sase where precept is easy, practice very difficult; but as the lesser of two evils, I, for one, rould prefer to have a modern house conceniently planned to suit present-day needs, yet essembling very closely a beautiful Late Georgian example, rather than what we so often get—an effort at modernism which has simply resulted in an indifferent piece of Georgianism. However this may be, it will be admitted, I think, that in the house now illustrated Mr. Paul Phipps has done a very engaging piece of work. It does not follow any particular style, but embraces several. The entrance front, for example, has a good deal of the feeling which we associate with traditional English work of a simple domestic kind, but on the other side of the house we have elements which recall Colonial work, and French work in some degree. But the whole has been so pleasantly blended, and everything has been so precisely suited to the requirements, that Little Weirs becomes a thoroughly satisfying house. It has been built for Mr. C. G. Norbury.



SOUTH FRONT

The fabric is of brick finished with Atlas White cement, with good red brick chimneys and a tiled roof. One feature of special interest about the plan is that every one of the living-rooms and all the bedrooms, including the servants' bedrooms, have a south aspect; the north side of the house being taken up by hall and corridor space, bath and staircase projections, and service rooms. The hall is of welcoming size (22ft. by 12ft.).



ENTRANCE FRONT

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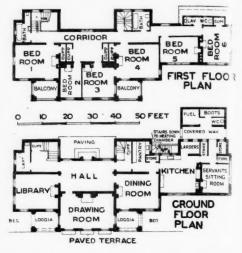
DETAIL OF GARDEN FRONT AND TERRACE.

Opening directly off it are the dining-room, the drawing-room Opening directly off it are the dining-room, the drawing-room and the library, each of these being also of generous proportions. Loggias have been provided on either side of the drawing-room, and over each is a balcony, on to which the two principal bedrooms open; and it is to be noted that on both floors all the rooms which have doors leading to the loggias or balconies have also windows which are not covered. In this way the disadvantage of loggias and balconies in our climate, namely that they keep out direct sunlight from the rooms behind them, is overcome. The dining-room and the bedroom over it have windows facing east as well as south, thus taking full advantage of the morning sun. The windows throughout are casements, and those to the drawing-The windows throughout are casements, and those to the drawing-room are of French type extending to the floor; but in order to correct a limitation which French windows ordinarily have,

each of those here provided has a ventilating

upper pane.
On the first-floor landing, over the entrance On the first-floor landing, over the entrance hall, is a roomy space which corrects the sense of restriction which a long unbroken corridor gives, and on either side of this space is a storage cupboard. These cupboards are of a good size and are in well-lighted positions. They are backed by other cupboards which give storage space to the two principal bedrooms. The finish of the rooms throughout has been kept quite plain. The staircase has turned believers and a white painted handrail, the top

kept quite plain. The staircase has turned balusters and a white painted handrail, the top



member of the latter, and the newels, being of

member of the latter, and the newels, being of mahogany.

The attic plan (not reproduced) contains, in addition to a boxroom, one double bedroom and two single bedrooms for the servants, as well as a servants' bathroom. In the basement is a heating chamber, equipped with the usual boilers for central heating and hot-water supply. The radiators in the rooms are all placed in recesses, the fronts of which are concealed by curtains. These curtains are of the same material as that used for the windows above, and so form

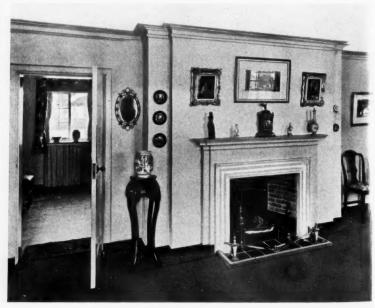
curtains. These curtains are of the same material as that used for the windows above, and so form part of the general decorative scheme. They conceal the radiators entirely when the latter are not in use, and they allow a certain amount of the heat to come through, but at any time when more warmth is desired they can be drawn aside to any desired extent. On the south side of the house a broad stone-paved terrace extends. Beyond this is a lawn, enclosed by a low, dry wall, and beyond this again is the tennis court. On the north-west side of the house is a building containing the garage, stabling for two horses and an electric-lighting plant.

The site is, on the whole, flat, but advantage has been taken of the slight differences in level that exist. The garden has only recently been made, but as everything grows luxuriantly in this part of England, it will not be long before the house has an established setting.

R. R. P.



ENTRANCE HALL AND STAIRS.



VIEW IN DRAWING-ROOM.

ting

SUGGESTED BREEDING AND RACING REFORMS

HE holding of the annual meeting of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association was, as usual, made to HE holding of the annual meeting of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association was, as usual, made to synchronise with the week of the big December sales at Newmarket. The present Lord D'Abernon never fails to avail himself of the opportunity of discoursing on matters of moment concerning the industry of racehorse breeding and racing. He can always see opportunities for great improvements, having regard to the future of the breed, and the urgent need of safeguarding its supremacy. In his capacity as President of this association, Lord D'Abernon is apparently able to speak with far more freedom than were he addressing a meeting of the Jockey Club. He is not a member of that body, and one wonders, if he were, whether he would be less ardent in his suggestions for improvements and reform. At any rate, in such an event he would be addressing himself to those who alone are in the position of introducing changes. The does the next best thing by addressing breeders as their President, and it must not be forgotten that something is due to the activities of the association in the past for some of the the activities of the association in the past for some of the anges in recent years.

Lord D'Abernon is rather alarmed lest our supremacy tould be taken from us because the French racing authorities lopt wiser practices than we do. He instances the harm to the lopt wiser practices than we do. He instances the harm to the ung thoroughbred of not delaying the start of the season in the racing of two year olds. In France, as is generally own, the start of two year old racing takes place long after are introduced to two year olds, which happens on the opening y of the season at Lincoln at the end of March. He is impossed with the importance of delaying also the official breeding ar, which at present begins on January 1st. These are highly attroversial matters. Those who can look back and note the mense progress in the evolution of the British thoroughbred in see no reason for changes. Those, again, who have known muary and February foals deprived of open air feed and exercise cause of our troublesome climate and the absence of the new ass will agree that a later date would be all for the good of the breed.

My view is that, no matter when the opening would take ace, there would still be a vast number of two year olds that ould be a long way removed from the best and outstanding nes. They would have to be exploited at the earliest oppor-Taylor is often quoted as that of a trainer who never produces a two year old until the season is well advanced. It should, however, be remembered that there is no reason why he should

a two year old until the season is well advanced. It should, however, be remembered that there is no reason why he should do so. He trains for rich men, who can afford to wait, who own stock bred on the highest possible lines. Their two year olds are entered in the top class events, and these do not come along until Ascot time. Alec Taylor, you may be certain, is not going to wait for Goodwood and the autumn, as he did last season with Saucy Sue and Picaroon, if he can win races at Ascot.

As a matter of fact, about Ascot time he was deploring the strength of his stable in two year olds. Apparently the brilliance of Saucy Sue and Picaroon had not then been revealed to him. I recall that it was at Ascot in succeeding years he produced first Bayardo and then Lemberg to win the New Stakes. It all depends when these highly bred colts come to hand. Their destiny is with themselves, so to say. Alec Taylor does not force them because it is against his first principles of training. He waits for them to show him that they are coming to their best and then he will train them as perfectly as a man could.

The small owner and the band of small-stable trainers are entitled to be considered. It is not on their moderate animals that the future of the thoroughbred depends, but it is to the small

entitled to be considered. It is not on their moderate animals that the future of the thoroughbred depends, but it is to the small races in the first two or three months of the season that they must look for chances of winning. Racing starts before March is out, and the material has to be furnished from somewhere. The few good ones will not go round. They are wanted to take their chances for the big prizes at the big meetings.

Some folk, looking back on the amazing prices realised at the sales last week, may fairly ask whether Lord D'Abernon has not struck a too lugubrious vein of criticism. Can there be so very much wrong with our methods in face of such a demonstration of prosperity for the breed as these sales furnished? They seem to be the best answer not only to the breedercritics, but to those who think our supremacy is in danger of complete effacement, because our methods of training and administration are not what they should be. You may recall that it was a yearling bred by Lord D'Abernon which made close on was a yearling bred by Lord D'Abernon which made close on £10,000 at the Doncaster sales this year. Other breeders may envy him his amazing good fortune in recent years in having bred from two or three mares, yearlings which have made many thousands of guineas. The fact can be accepted as a mark of thousands of guineas. The fact can be accepted as a mark of his disinterestedness in thinking and speaking frankly on behalf of the general body of breeders. It is, however, something to now that he does not consider the position to be desperate, it that it certainly requires careful attention and a scientific vision of our methods in breeding and racing with a view to certaining whether they are best suited to keep the thoroughed supremacy in this country.

National Hunt racing continues to interest—when the weather

National Hunt racing continues to interest—when the weather good—and the venue is attractive, as at Sandown Park the er day. In last week's issue I mentioned how a new

steeplechaser by the name of Mount Etna had forced himself on our notice at Newbury. I suggested that he might be one right out of the ordinary with Grand National pretensions, and naturally

of the ordinary with Grand National pretensions, and naturally there was much interest shown in his next public appearance, which took place at Sandown Park in a three and a half mile affair. He won again, though he was being pressed at the finish by Forewarned, who only failed by a length and a half to concede as much as 24lb. That does not make the form seem very wonderful, but, apart from this being probably the best performance ever put up by Forewarned, it is probable that Mount Etna should have won with rather more to spare.

He had not a Fred Rees on his back. That jockey shared in the fine performance of Forewarned under his 12st, 7lb. The point is that there is much promise in Mount Etna since, in a physical sense, there is more improvement in him. His jumping is splendid and he is unquestionably a fine natural stayer. Another smart young hurdler was introduced in Scotch Pearl, which at one time was owned by Lord Queenborough. The horse is now owned by Mr. C. E. Howeson and is trained by W. Nightingall, one of the several Epsom trainers who have been winning is now owned by Mr. C. E. Howeson and is trained by W. Nightingall, one of the several Epsom trainers who have been winning so many races lately. Scotch Pearl was backed like a certain winner, and he won as one should do. Yet if ever he fell across the path of Golden, who, I understand, runs next at Hurst Park next week-end, I should not expect Nightingall's horse to win. Let us hope they may meet very soon and so decide the point.

Philippos.

A MONOGRAPH ON THE RAT

"How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!"

"How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!"

MR. MARK HOVELL has written a veritable monograph on the habits of the rat and how to destroy it. The book is prefaced by an introduction by the well known authority on rural matters, Mr. S. L. Bensusan, in which he states:

"The author has not left a difficulty unfaced or a coil unravelled. No detective high up in the Councils of the Criminal Investigation Department has followed criminals with greater concentration of thought or intensity of observation than Mr. Mark Hovell has brought to the pursuit of the rat. He has considered every problem in the first instance from the rat's own side and having seen how the sly, furtive animal proceeds, he destroys his quarry by the use of an ingenuity greater than its own. The rat is encouraged to follow its own methods unchecked, to find them facilitated to the end where swift death, often in a merciful form, is waiting. I have learned from this book, as it is to be hoped very many thousands will learn, that there is no such thing as an impregnable position for any rat."

All this can be fully endorsed. But when the author of the introduction says that the author "is not a practised writer, he is no maker of books," one feels inclined to dissent. Rats and How to Destroy Them, (John Bale, Sons and Danielsson, 1os. 6d net.), comprehensive and detailed as it is, is written in plain, simple English; and if there be any repetition and recapitulation, well, that is all to the good, for the book is intended to be read, among others, by small farmers, game-keepers and poultry fanciers, who will bear with the repetition with gratitude. As an example of Mr. Hovell's style, we may quote a paragraph about the weasel, in which he states:

"The widespread belief that weasels and stoats destroy a large number of rats for food may be dismissed. They kill a few, but not many, compared with the other animals on which they prey, and the rat can hardly be said to be persecuted by them. Weasels very rarely attack a full-grown rat, they prefer mic

with some essential oil is then described. One wonders whether the Pied Piper used a trail.

The most important section of the book deals with the various poisons that are employed and their effects; and another chapter is devoted to virus, against which the author strongly protests, partly on the ground of its extreme danger to other animals and even to man, and partly on the ground that both the United States authorities and the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries condemn it, the former stating that "the bacterial viruses have signally failed to accomplish their mission," while our own Ministry "declines in any circumstances to advocate the use of virus in the destruction of rats."

Blocking or stopping the rat holes, flooding them and fumigating them are also fully dealt with, and the different conditions which are found in the house, shop, or warehouse, outbuildings, stables, greenhouses and ships are all most carefully considered. Altogether, the book is likely to prove a most useful one. It not only indicates the extreme danger and the extreme depredations that are due to these prolific rodents, but it clearly points out the best method of checking them.

THE ESTATE MARKET

SALES TREATY \mathbf{BY} PRIVATE

S to Messrs. Collins and Collins's offer of 170, Queen's Gate for sale by private treaty, Mr. H. Avray Tipping writes: "I suppose almost forty years must have gone by since Mr. Frederick Anthony White, securing the north corner site between the Imperial Institute and Queen's Gate, commissioned Mr. Norman Shaw to design him a house. Gables were then much in fashion for both town and country houses and very charming the effect was when treated with feeling for form and proportion and an eye to grouping and sky line, such as we see in the layout of Harrington and Collingham Gardens, on which Messrs. Ernest George and Peto were then engaged. But the value of horizontal rather than of vertical lines for street architecture was strongly felt by Mr. White and he knew he would get support for this view from Mr. Shaw, who was identifying himself with the hipped roof and sash windowed manner, which was being advocated as the 'Queen Anne' style.

"Thus it was that No. 170 came to be, and brought a sense of dignified calm amid restless surroundings. Nothing could be more effective and yet nothing could be more effective and yet nothing could be simpler. Rows of sash windows break walling composed of a small, rough, hand-made brick, a finer brick being used for the window heads and aprons. Green painted persiennee, or slatted shutters, fulfil a very utilitarian purpose on the south and west fronted town house, but also give life and variety to an elevation of which the only ornate details are the modillioned roof cornice and the monumental front door case, in the manner of the best of the 'Grinling Gibbons' period. A single step leads you without effort through the doorway and into the entrance hall. But the ground-floor level is high and well placed to allow of a light and airy basement, so that between entrance and inner halls is a flight of steps. The inner hall is a very satisfying and original piece of designing. Wide arched openings or recesses support a circular entablature, from which rises a second pilastered and d

GREAT GLOSSOP SALE.

A GREAT GLOSSOP SALE.

THE Glossopdale estate, over 11,000 acres, including the greater part of Glossop, is to be sold by auction next season by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Davies and Son, upon the instructions of Lord Howard of Glossop, whose seat, Glossop Hall, is included in the sale with the moors. The property comprises practically all Glossop, 150 farms and small holdings, water rights, about 100 cottages, woodlands, quarries, tithe rent charge, and 1,800 ground rents, some with early reversions. The tenants will be afforded the opportunity, as far as practicable, to purchase privately.

Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Hubert Brand, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., has instructed Messrs.

Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer his Hamp-shire property, Yaldhurst, Lymington, by

Knight, Frank and Rutley to ofter his Hampshire property, Yaldhurst, Lymington, by auction, early next year.

At Hanover Square Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Joshua Baker, Cooke and Standen, offered Stoneyfields estate, between Edgware and Mill Hill. Five of the eleven lots were sold, about xell egges realising for are some of the land

Hill. Five of the eleven lots were sold, about 15½ acres, realising £7,375, some of the land selling at £1,000 an acre. The property is within twenty minutes of the new "Tube" at Edgware, and will be intersected by the Barnet and Watford bye-pass roads.

Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley offered the remainding part of Blackmore Park in twenty-four lots, when seventeen lots were sold, including the mansion, for approximately £13,000. Pasture land made up to £40 an acre. Blackmore Park was formerly the home of the Duke Gandolphi.

Well Place, near Wallingford, is to be offered by auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The estate of 710 acres is within easy reach of the Huntercombe golf links and the residence, two farm houses and eleven cottages are included in the sale.

GREY WALLS, GULLANE.

GREY WALLS, GULLANE.

COLONEL HORLICK, M.P., is locally reported to have purchased Mrs. Brinton's Haddingtonshire residence, Grey Walls, Gullane, through Messrs. Curtis and Henson. Sir Edwin Lutyens designed the house, which was illustrated and described in Country Life (Vol. xxx, page 374).

Grey Walls adjoins Muirfield Golf Links, the home of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers. The late Mr. Alfred Lyttelton commissioned Sir Edwin Lutyens to carry out the work of creating Grey Walls in 1901, and, when he left for Wittersham, Mr. Lyttelton sold the property to the late Mr. William James.

Fernham House, Faringdon, a modern house and 135 acres, belonging to Captain Louis Paine; and West Witteridge and 10 acres, close to Beaconsfield and Penn, have been sold by Messrs. Curtis and Henson, who held a very successful auction of the contents of Porters Park, Radlett, the estate of about 1,100 acres having been bought by the Middlesex County Council for utilisation as a centre for the mentally afficted.

Mr. Norman Forbes-Robertson has instructed Messrs. Hampton and Sons to sell Roundell, Wittersham, near Rye, an old-fashioned Sussex house, which has been restored and fitted up in admirable taste. The grounds have an ancient lawn, a herbaceous border and grass walks, providing a proper environment for this pretty old-world place.

Moore Place, the mansion near the Portsmouth road at Esher for some time held by the Duc d'Orleans, when it was temporarily renamed Orleans House, and having also associations with Lord Byron, has been sold, by Messrs. Wilson and Co., and it is to be converted into a hotel.

Much of the original Georgian panelling still adorns No. 35, Charles Street, Berkeley

associations with Lord Byron, has been sold, by Messrs. Wilson and Co., and it is to be converted into a hotel.

Much of the original Georgian panelling still adorns No. 35, Charles Street, Berkeley Square, a Mayfair house that has been well modernised, and is for sale on January 8th, at the City Mart by Messrs. Wilson and Co. There is a miniature roof garden, and the square staircase is a fine Georgian example with its lanterned roof and galleried landings. There is too, a beauty about the front door of the house that justly entitles it to be illustrated on the cover of the particulars of the coming auction. Messrs. Wilson and Co. have just found purchasers for No. 16, Queen's Gate, Kensington, on the very eve of the auction; and for Nos. 10, Curzon Street, an attractive old-world residence held on a short lease; 6, Connaught Place, a house fitted with electric passenger lift and facing the Park; 31, Norfolk Street, a magnificently appointed little house, most luxuriously panelled and fitted; and 50, Upper Brook Street, which has been acquired by Sir Edward Hulton.

£120,000 FOR 5,620 ACRES.

£120,000 FOR 5,620 ACRES.

LORD MIDDLETON'S Newark-on-Trent LORD MIDDLETON'S Newark-on-Trent estates have realised close upon £120,000. Messrs. Thurgood, Martin and Eve inform us that "the whole of the 5,620 acres, being the South Muskham, Carlton-le-Moorland and Stapleford estates of Lord Middleton, have been sold. You are already aware that we sold the Stapleford and Carlton-le-Moorland estates, prior to the auction, to Trinity College, Cambridge, and in respect of such sale Colonel Aitchison of Messrs. Smith-Woolley and Co., of South Collingham, acted on behalf of the purchasers. The remaining lots in the sale, Nos. 103 to 174 inclusive, were submitted by auction at Newark, when all were sald." The Trinity College purchase, as an investment, was announced in the Estate Micket page of Country Life of November 2nd and commented upon in that issue and a week later.

A GROUP OF GOOD SALES.

A GROUP OF GOOD SALES.

MISS E. D. COATS has sold Bratles Grange, the sixteenth century manor house at Horsmonden on the Kent and St. sex Border. This leaves only five lots, inclusing, however, two noted farms, to be dealt with at the auction in the City on December 16th, by Messrs. John Thornton and Co., in onjunction with Mr. W. G. Millar and Messrs. Franklin and Jones.

Ashford Court, Ludlow, a fine old Georgian house and grounds, with land bounded for a mile or two by the Teme, and therefore first-rate for trout and graying fishing, was to have been submitted at Shrewsbury by Messrs. Constable and Maude, but, like so many other properties mentioned recently, it passed into new ownership prior to the auction.

Caldecote Hall and the appurtenant land, withdrawn at auction at Nuneaton by Masser Winterton and Sons at (10.500, should

the auction.

Caldecote Hall and the appurtenant land, withdrawn at auction at Nuneaton by Messrs. Winterton and Sons at £10,500, should not remain long in the market. The total for some of the farms and other lots amounted to a large sum, and included £1,360 for Spring Wood, a favourite covert of the Atherstone.

Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners held a successful auction of the Losehill Hall estate, Derbyshire, at Castleton. The estate within easy reach of Sheffield and Manchester, consisted of 1,550 acres, divided into twenty-four farms and small holdings, and included in the sale was Losehill Hall, comprising the mansion and its fine park. Of the sixty-seven lots, forty-five found purchasers for a total of £16,000.

Messrs. Clark and Manfield have found a purchaser for Insetton House, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge, with 48 acres; also Horsted House Farm at Sharpthorne, near East Grinstead, a farm with a good modern house and 100 acres; and Wickhurst Farm, near Lyghe, as a going concern, in conjunction with Messrs. Percy Smith and Co.

Messrs. Giddy and Giddy report the sale of the marine property, Inveravon, Mudeford, a modern residence with grounds and paddock of 6 acres, giving a long private frontage to Christchurch Harbour, together with boathouse, garage and other outbuildings.

BLACKADDER HOUSE SAVED.

BLACKADDER HOUSE SAVED.

REFERRING to a note in the Estate Market page of November 22nd, Messrs. Perry and Phillips write: "We read with interest your note in last week's COUNTRY LIFF relating to Wood Norton having been saved from demolition, and hoping that the house in Bervick would receive the same fate. We are pleased to be able to state that we have sold Blick-adder House as a whole, and the demolition sale will not take place."

A JERSEY PLEASAUNCE.

A JERSEY PLEASAUNCE.

LADY BYRNE has instructed Me srs.
Norfolk and Prior to sell her Jersey free old
Georgian house, Broadlands, and 8 a res,
near Grouville. The house is in perfect o er,
having had a large sum spent upon it in re ent
years. The scenery of Grouville is som
the finest in the island, and the house comment
wiews of Grouville Bay, which lies on the so
eastern side of Jersey, with Mont Or
on the northern end and La Rocque I into
the south of the bay. Broadlands is we in
a short distance of St. Helier, and not
far from Gorey (Gouray or Gorr) Ca
one of the many fortifications of the isl.
A fund of information about the history
of this part of Jersey will be found in E.
Nicolle's "Mont Orgeuil Castle." In 127
this castle was taken over by the States of
Channel Islands as a historical monument.
Jersey has been described as "a miniat re
Utopia," and it still enjoys privileges which
together with its equable and sunny climate,
make it a favourite resort for ex-official
and others with fixed incomes, who find there
congenial society and good golf. Arbiter.

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SHOOTING NOTES

SAFEGUARDING THE PARTRIDGE.

EAR after year in most sporting periodicals we read particulars of partridge prospects, conditions of weather and prevalence of insect food during the breeding season. But we hear very little of what, in my opinion, is the most important consideration in partridge preservation: that

is, stock.

This shooting season provides practical proof of my argument, for in spite of a summer which most partridge breeding experts describe as one of the worst on record, the bags in the part of Hampshire where I write have been well above the

What is the reason? It is not only light sil and bright intervals on most days, tiese enabling the young birds to keep dry when feeding and to shelter during the sorms, but it is also the result of last year's cuditions. In 1922 owing to lack of v hen feeding and to shelter during the sorms, butit is also the result of last year's conditions. In 1923, owing to lack of r in in the late spring and early summer a d also to the scarcity of sheep, there were very few "roots" of any size produced in these parts. As a consequence, g at difficulty was experienced in collecting partridges and driving them over the g ms. Where walking-up was resorted to the opportunities for favourable shooting were even less in evidence. In spite these handicaps, I personally saw three call records beaten, including one day of 439 brace, which will give an idea of the number of partridges that year, while proving that a very large stock remained when the season concluded.

This year we have reaped the benefit of last year's conditions, for although the coveys are small they are numerous, and only on estates where birds were shot late in January (terrible toll is taken when birds come in pairs) or where exceptional conditions in the way of pneumonia on low-lying ground, vermin, etc., prevailed, is there a real shortage of partridges.

Some people seem to be unable to realise that without stock there cannot be young birds. A poultry farmer would estimate the probable number of poulets by the quantity of hens he kept, and the same reasoning must undoubtedly be applied to partridge breeding. There are those people who boast, "It does not matter how many birds we shoot, as there are always plenty the next year." And the curious thing about

boast, It does not matter now many birds
we shoot, as there are always plenty the
next year." And the curious thing about
this statement is that it is often correct!
I think I have discovered the reason.
There are certain localities—perhaps

There are certain localities—perhaps a big field or may be a piece of high ground—which seem to have a peculiar attraction for partridges, particularly in the mating season. I have a certain small farm in my mind now where every January, February and March the partridges collect from the surrounding country and indulge in regular "Albert Hall meetings." This is probably a provision of nature to prevent in-breeding, as the coveys at these gather-

in regular "Albert Hall meetings." This is probably a provision of nature to prevent in-breeding, as the coveys at these gatherings intermingle, with the result that new blood is introduced.

If it so happens that one of these mating grounds exists on a small shoot, no matter how heavily the ground is shot, in all probability a large number of the "contracting parties" at the matrimonial meetings will remain and nest on the farm, particularly if there are few old bird "tenants" alive to dispute possession. True, the stock of the surrounding farms is diminished, and this accounts for the often heard complaint, in the opposite sense to the above-quoted boast, "It does not matter how many birds I leave, I never have a good result." The moral is, discover the mating ground and try to include it in your shoot.

This year more than most the question of stock must be seriously considered. There is so much good covert in the way

of roots and uncut grass that too many birds may, without difficulty, be shot. If one applies the term "principal" to a breeding stock and "interest" to the young birds, the situation becomes obvious—particularly in a case where the return on the principal invested is on the average about 500 per cent.! This estimate assumes an average of ten young birds to each brace. each brace.

In conclusion, may I quote a convincing example of what stock has done for a well known partridge estate in these parts? For several years this ground (about 4,000 acres) yielded an average of 250 brace, the best year being 536 birds. Three years ago the estate was sold. The same keepers remained, but during the year of conveyance the ground was very lightly shot. What was the result? In 1922 over 600 brace were killed, and in 1923 over 750 brace, including a day of 302 brace. This year, in spite of unfavourable breeding conditions and moderatesized coveys, a total of 800 brace has been attained.

MIDDLE WALLOP.

GAME-BIRD PICTURES.

I noticed at Mr. Philip Rickman's exhibition of game bird and wildfowl pictures an increasing effort to supply the

than the woodcock, the snipe and the wonderful array of surface-feeding ducks. Water surroundings likewise offer opportunities to the brush not "in the same street" as those accorded by stubble, covert-side or even mountainous moor. However, every taste is considered, so that a pleasant (and possibly a costly) half-hour can be spent at the Greatorex Galleries. Galleries.

AN UNUSUAL CARTRIDGE TEST.

AN UNUSUAL CARTRIDGE TEST.

A sportsman who had been dissatisfied with the results of his shooting was inclined to suspect his cartridges of throwing defective patterns or, failing that explanation, his gun of corresponding defects. Three rounds had previously been tested from the proof gun, the satisfactory result obtained limiting the field of enquiry to a simple target test. In the ordinary way the shooting would have been done at 40 yds. range, the 30 in. circle would be scribed around the selected centre of the group and a series of figures obtained which would have done little more than decide what percentage of the total pellets in the charge were delivered by each barrel into the circle. When a man goes shooting he is dependent on the behaviour of the entire charge, hence wants to know something more than the performance of of the entire charge, hence wants to know something more than the performance of



"MALLARD PITCHING," FROM THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY PHILIP RICKMAN,

general demand for studies of birds in flight. This is indeed an experimental science, for to capture the evanescent impression and to express it in drawing without importing the seeming distortions of photography is indeed a difficult journey along the path of trial and error. That Mr. Rickman has succeeded so well in a varied series of efforts supplies agreeable proof of how hard he has worked during the past year. In another direction he appears to have developed rather an interesting speciality; for pictures which at first sight draw the focus on a game bird, seemingly occupied in showing off its beautiful form and dress, suddenly reveal its mate equally meticulously detailed but sitting amid herbage of matching tint. As is usual in this branch of work the denizens of marsh and mere receive attention out of proportion to mere receive attention out of proportion to their asset value as game species. The gallinaceous tribe may be of greater im-portance in a bag sense, but they have more in common with domesticated species

a part. The test was accordingly worked on inspectional lines, that is to say each pattern was criticised from the point of view of its ability to reward a correct

view of its ability to reward a correct aim.

The right barrel proved to be slightly choked and the left about half-choke. A few preliminary rounds indicated that the right barrel threw its most useful pattern at a range of 35yds., which is to say that beyond this distance chances would best be allowed to pass by. This distance was adopted for the rounds from both barrels; because, when all is said, bags are made from shots inside rather than beyond this range. Each round as fired was awarded a brief word or two of description. No. I was noted as inconsistent, viz., good in portions of the total spread, of doubtful value elsewhere. No. 2 was good, but would only have been really satisfactory at a few yards less range. No. 3 was good without qualification. No. 4 was perfect, as the illustration goes to prove, though here

Vo

as always there are unlucky areas. No. 5 was good, No. 6 fair, No. 7 good, Nos. 8 and 9 fair and No. 10 good. The total is for all practical purposes exemplary, since at 30yds. all the patterns would have been certain killers over at least three-quarters of their area. Inside 30yds, the narrowing spread would have ensured superabundance of pellets at the cost of a necessity to observe an increasingly true aim. The left barrel was not nearly so necessity to observe an increasingly true aim. The left barrel was not nearly so satisfactory. No. 1 was good, No. 2 rather too dense, No. 3 was a cart-wheel, No. 4 fluky, No. 5 very thin, No. 6 offered a good spread of 24ins. diameter with the a good spread of 24ins, diameter with the rest of the charge uselessly scattered, No. 7 was the same, No. 8 was good, Nos. 9 and 10 were perfect. The conclusion seems obvious. The left choke barrel is not dependable enough and might well be regulated, the more so because the choke is of that indeterminate form which results from cutting 30in. barrels down to 28ins. If the regulation fails to produce a consistent grade of behaviour it could be carried the stage further which would make the two barrels shoot alike, for there is not the slightest doubt that the right barrel results are of a bag-filling character. So many shooters fire their second barrels on much more effectively than the first that any handicap it may offer would be serious. it may offer would be serious

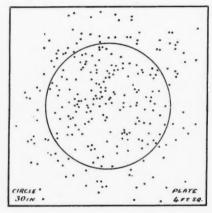
A SCOTTISH CLAY-BIRD CHAMPIONSHIP.

Messrs. Nobel have issued particulars of a clay-bird shooting programme which they have devised for the entertainment of Scottish shooters from December on to April. At various centres, which will be arranged according to demand, one-day shoots will be held of which the main item will be a 20-target competition for a gold medal, the winner being thereby qualified to compete in the final or championship round. This will be held at the end of May or the beginning of June, a substantial prize list, leading off with £20 for the winner, supplying evidence of the generous backing of which the scheme is assured. Messrs. Nobel have issued particulars

Enquiries should be addressed to Nobel House, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

THE PROBLEM OF LEAD FOULING IN SHOT GUNS.

Anybody who shoots a variety of guns and many sorts of cartridge will be familiar with the phenomenon of sundry occasions arising when the barrels, or one of them, have become badly leaded. This shows in the form of lead flakes seemingly cemented against the barrel wall usually at a point just forward of wall, usually at a point just forward of



the chamber. Sometimes the metal comes away in the ordinary cleaning, that is so long as the right and proper course of using a stiff bristle brush is followed. Whatever obstinacy may be evidenced there should be no question of stopping there should be no question of stopping until the last remaining speck has been removed, for no matter how searching the oil used there is danger of rust forming under the covering so provided. A new gun I recently put into use has been troublesome in this regard, but there has been a slight improvement after thoroughly polishing the rather tight entry into the polishing the rather tight entry into the bore. A very bad case arose in connection

with a gun firing thin brass cases, the conditions being such as to cast a doubt on whether the wads properly held back the gases. When a really obstinate the gases. When a really obstinate deposit is encountered a brass wire brush deposit is encountered a brass wire brush or a jag carrying metal in mesh or other form is necessary to ensure removal, following which a very thorough scrub, assisted perhaps by a fine abrasive, should be given. Possibly there is no subject connected with the every-day use of guns concerning which so little is known as this annoying propensity. Whether its occurrence is associated with the interior condition of the barrel, the quality of deposit left by the powder, atmospheric conditions, composition and polish of the shot, shape of cone, presence or otherwise of a leade, or the ballistics of the cartridge, nobody seems to know or has endeavoured to find out. No doubt hidden behind the casual appearance doubt hidden behind the casual appearance of lead fouling is a simple enough explanation, but the fact remains that the immediate cause is never apparent.

RED DEER STALKING IN NEW ZEALAND.

In his recent book the author, T. Donne, delivers encyclopedically his accumulations of knowledge con-E. Donne, delivers encyclopedically his vast accumulations of knowledge concerning the red deer after transference to a habitat more natural than that of the so-called Scottish forests and therefore of a kind to prove decadence on the part of our home-bred stock. That New Zealand heads have set up a new standard in measurements is common knowledge, and this book deals adequately. knowledge, and this book deals adequately with the animal's development since the parent stock was exported from this country beginning in 1850. Above all the book is addressed to those who might the book is addressed to those who might contemplate a visit to New Zealand with stalking as an item in the programme. It is crammed with fact, anecdote and vivid description, besides being embellished with some of the finest photographs that ever adorned a work of this kind. (Constable, £1 is.)

MAX BAKER.

THEPARROT ANDTHE **MAGPIE**

was a grey African parrot of fiery eye and malignant aspect. His present master had bought him from a aspect. famous bird-fancier at a very low figure on account of his language, which drove many likely purchasers—ladies especially—from the establishment, and was, a source of contamination to all the talking birds within earshot.

moreover, a source of contamination to all the talking birds within earshot.

The magpie had had a mild and blameless past. He had fallen from the nest when a youngster, had been picked up in a slightly injured condition and had been nursed back to health in the mild and blameless atmosphere of his mistress' boudoir. He had never rubbed shoulders with the coarse outer world, and no doubt it was the swing of the pendulum which carried him to such unbounded lengths of admiration for the bold, bad buccaneer of a parrot which had brought such excitement and variety into his beforetime monotonous life.

When let loose upon the lawn—Sir J. had a theory that the strong bill of his bird was the most efficient implement for uprooting daisies from the turf—the magpie hopped after the parrot—at a discreet distance—wheresoever that dignified waddler led. When the parrot discerned visitors in the offing and concealed himself behind the hydrangea by the hall door the magpie did the same; when from his ambush the parrot suddenly sallied forth and vigorously attacked the silk-clad ankles of the lady callers, the magpie followed suit. The only difference was that whereas the pecks of the latter were feeble and ineffectual, those of the parrot not infrequently resulted in the effusion of blood.

Until the advent of the parrot the magpie's linguistic

and ineffectual, those of the parrot not infrequently resulted in the effusion of blood.

Until the advent of the parrot the magpie's linguistic acquirements had been limited to the calling up of his mistress' pet dogs, each by its pet name, and to imitating the whines and barks with which they responded. But, no doubt spurred on by his intense admiration of the new model, his vocabulary now increased by leaps and bounds . . It was the invariable ruling that as the shades of evening fell both birds should be herded into the dining-room, the parrot to his cage in the big bay window directly behind Sir J.'s chair, the magpie to his in the window at the farther end of the room. The parrot's cage being enveloped in thick baize coverings and the magpie being, when left to himself, a quiet bird, until dinner was over silence prevailed. But directly the ladies had left the room silence prevailed. But directly the ladies had left the room

Sir J. switched off the baize and, approaching his face to the bars of the cage, "Now, sir, what have you to say?" he cried.

The parrot had a great deal to say—and said it with vim. His feathers stood up with rage, his always fiery eye glowed like a live coal, and torrents of vituperation burst from his beak.

"You son of . . .!" (No doubt Sir J.'s ancestors had, like those of the rest of us, numbered among them one or two black sheep of both sexes, but assuredly none of them could have been of a villainy to merit the parrot's unprintable accusations.) accusations.)

accusations.)

"You are! You are! Yes, you are—you dirty dog, you!" he screamed at the breathless close.

"Dirty dog, you," came a small, mild echo from the magpie's cage in the far window.

The nightly repetition of this drama did not in the least impair either the ferocity of the parrot's denunciations, the complacency of the magpie's mild echo—or Sir J.'s intense enjoyment. enjoyment.

Lady was a most amiable and gentle person, entirely given over to good works. On one occasion, when she was entertaining the ladies of the Dorcas Society to a sumptuous high tea in the dining-room, by some inadvertence the parrot's

high tea in the dining-room, by some inadvertence the parrot's cage had been left uncovered.

The moment that all were seated and that Lady —— had taken up the teapot, "Cream!" shrieked the parrot (he was particularly partial to cream). "You . .! Cream! D'ye hear, you . .! Gimme cream! Cream! Blankety cream!" "Blankety cream," dreamily murmured the Echo.

Then for once Lady —— really asserted herself. With a flush on her cheek and a spark in her eye she turned to a servitor. "Take away that bird, Charles!" she commanded. "Take away both birds!"

"Take away tha away both birds!

away both birds!"

I happened to be in the hall as, in thoroughly well merited ignominy, the culprits were being borne across it, and for the first time in his shameless career—as far as I had known it—the parrot expressed regret. I am quite certain, however, that the regret was not for his crime, but for its consequences.

He glowered at me as I passed and, "Sorry I spoke!" he croaked

Thorry I thpoke," lisped the faithful Echo.

J. M. Dodington.